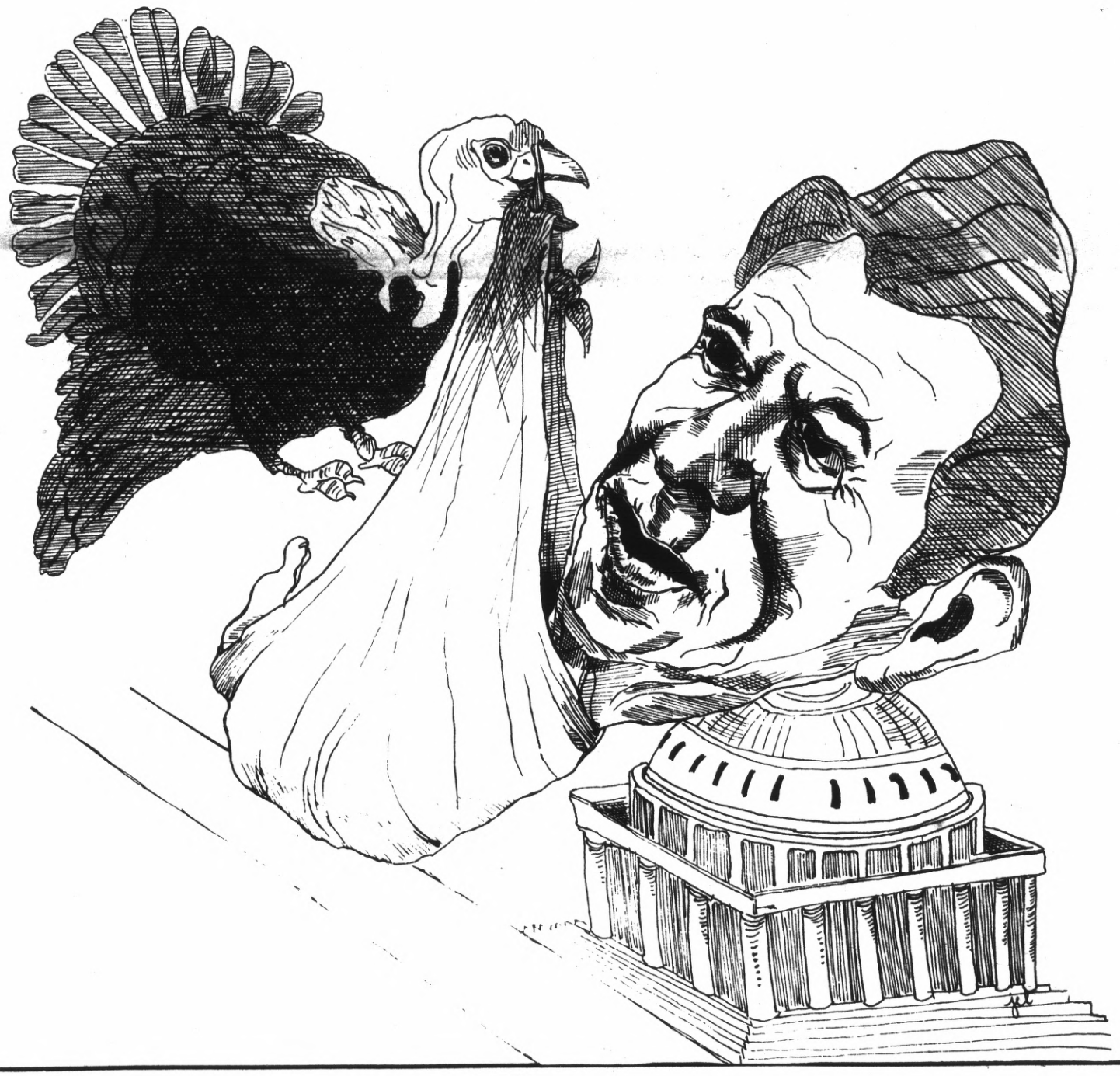
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CITY ON A HILL

University of California at Santa Cruz—6 November, 1980—Volume 14, Issue 8

The New Arrival



NEWS

CARPOOL TO CANADA: The countdown to 1984 begins in January when Ronald Wilson Reagan is sworn in as our 40th president. Reagan sent Carter back to the swamps in a landslide, gaining 51 percent of the popular vote and 384 electoral votes. Carter took 41 percent of the vote and 74 electoral votes, while Anderson beat the five percent margin necessary to receive federal matching funds, snagging seven percent of the total vote. Citizens' Party candidate Barry Commoner received less than two percent. Carter angered many Democrats on the west coast by conceding defeat before the polls had closed, demonstrating a lack of team spirit, according to the criticism of several party members who feared that his announcement kept Democrats from going to the polls and supporting local candidates. In his victory speech to a Los Angeles audience Reagan thanked his supporters and stated "I am not frightened by what lies ahead." He speaks for himself on that one—a spontaneous demonstration for "progressives to come together" drew 3,000 people in Berkeley, some 100 of which occupied California Hall and were still inside yesterday evening. Less than 53 percent of those eligible voted—the lowest turnout in 32 years and the fourth election year in a row that the figure has declined.

A CONGRESSIONAL CATASTROPHE: Besides the large gains made in state legislatures across the country, right-wing Republicans rolled up massive victories in both the US Senate and the House of Representatives in last Tuesday's election. The GOP now controls the Senate by a two-vote margin, with Democratic Senators such as George McGovern (the 1972 presidential nominee from South Dakota), Frank Church of Idaho, Birch Bayh of Indiana and Warren Magnuson of Washington among those who lost to conservative Republicans. In the House, the GOP gained at least 40 seats from the Democrats, but still needs 57 to gain a majority. Political analysts blame the widespread Democratic losses on President Carter, whose inept campaigning led the party down to murkey depths of defeat. Said one pollster, "He's 5 feet 10 in water 6 feet deep."

THE STATEWIDE SCENE: An anti-smoking measure and an initiative to promote land conservation at Lake Tahoe were among the state propositions which were rejected by a sheepish voter turn-out in California last Tuesday. Victorious propositions included Proposition 1, which sets aside $285 million for park development; Prop. 8, which would prevent environmental damage to Northern California waterways; and Prop. 9, which purports to clean up California's drinking water. In the state legislature, the Republicans picked up two seats in the Assembly, but gained nil in the Senate. As far as the contest for the Assembly speakership went, Howard Berman triumphed over Leo McCarthy by besting the San Franciscan 26-22 in supporters, one of whom included Santa Cruz-Monterey Democrat Sam Farr.

WAITING FOR THE WORMS: Calling his victory a "declaration against communism," Edward Seaga of the Jamaican Labour Party was sworn in as the island's new prime minister last week. Seaga, who supports greater free enterprise and foreign investments from the US, defeated the democratic-socialist incumbent Michael Manley. Seaga captured 60 percent of the vote in a violence-marred campaign that left over 500 dead. In Washington, the State Department departed from its normal practice of not commenting on foreign elections to say "we warmly welcome" Seaga's victory and "look forward to working in a spirit of friendship with the new government." Soon after taking office, Seaga announced that he had asked Fidel Castro to remove the Cuban ambassador from Jamaica. Manley advocated closer ties to Cuba and other Third World nations while developing greater self-reliance for the island.

SANDINISTA PART TWO: Preparations for a major revolutionary offensive against the El Salvadorean junta have begun with a declaration of unity among the diverse left groups and the formation of a new coalition group similar to the successful Sandinistas in Nicragua (see El Salvador story on page 17). The Farabundo Marti Front for National Liberation (FMLN) is named after the popular Salvadorean revolutionary hero Farabundo Marti, a labor leader in the 1920s and a lieutenant in the army of Augusto Sandino in Nicaragua, as well as a founder of the Salvadorean Communist Party. The latest violent action occurred when the last member of the Human Rights Commission in El Salvador, Ramon Valladaes, was assassinated by a rightist death squad as he drove to church. All other members of the commission have either fled into exile or have been killed as a crisis situation has extended throughout most of the country.

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Violence mars halloween dance



photo by Stuart Leavenworth

by Stuart Leavenworth

Reports of sexual harassment, fights, and vandalism at the College V Halloween dance last Friday evening have brought forth questions among students and administrators as to how such outbreaks of violence can be prevented at the popular yearly event in the future.

According to a proctor at College V, more than 1500 people attended the traditional Halloween dance, a number which far exceeds the large turn-out for the event in the past. Along with the higher attendence, the reported cases of violence apparently also increased.

In one of the cases, a woman student was standing alone in the College V quad following the performance of Carmaig de Forest when a group of five costumed men attempted to kidnap her.

"One of the men came up and put his arm around my shoulder," said the woman, who wished to remain unidentified. "Since I was wearing sunglasses I couldn't see very well and I just assumed it was a friend. Then another man put his arm around my waist and the other three lined up in front of me. Suddenly I was being choked, grabbed at, and carried away. Because I was being choked so hard, I could not scream."

At that point three friends, also women, noticed the attempted kidnapping and came to the rescue of their companion.

"I escaped after one friend punched the man who had me by the throat," the woman said. "I would hate to think of what condition I would be in now if I had been dragged away."

According to the woman, she looked for a campus police officer to report the incident, but there were none in sight.

Other cases of violence included a male student who was attacked on the balcony of his College V dorm. The student was severely beaten but did not scream for fear that he would be thrown off the balcony and onto the pavement below. Later, he was treated and released at the campus health center.

Many other students reported that this year's dance produced an atmosphere of hostility and belligerence; an atmosphere where crude insults and sexual advances towards women were commonplace.

According to university police sergeant Lloyd Nordberg, this year's incidents differ greatly from the situation at Halloween dances in past years, when lack of parking was the only problem the university faced. He noted that although violent incidents may have occurred this year, none were reported to the university police.

"If people have been harassed, I wish that they would report it to us," said Nordberg. "Then we could deal with it, and hopefully get some input on how we can prevent this type of thing next year." He added that there was at least one policeman on duty at the dance the entire evening.

Alice McCawley, the student activities director at College V, also stated that as of Monday morning, she had not heard any reports of violence at the party. She did say, however, that she was planning to meet with other College V administrators to decide on how to limit the large crowds who flock to College V every October 31.

"This year we tried charging a dollar to get in, but it didn't work," said McCawley. "There was just too many people. I guess we'll have to think of something else for next year." She noted that besides the fulltime patrol officer the college hired, there was also a staff of "student-helpers" who monitored events at the dance. They observed nothing out of the ordinary among the usual costumed College V rowdies.

Many of the students who contacted *City on a Hill* about bad experiences that night said that they were disturbed that Student ID's were not being checked at the university gates. Since the College V dance is an open event, non-students are welcome to attend.

There was no indication from the students who reported harrassment that the respective incidents had been provoked by a non-student individual.

Students reported that this year's dance produced an atmosphere of hostility and beligerence; an atmosphere where crude insults and sexual advances towards women were commonplace.

There are so many things going on in the world.



Who can keep track of it? We certainly can't. Maybe you can. If you have ideas aobut international or national stories, if you have a bit of time to spare, and you like to write, why not volunteer as our national or international editor? It's a good way to get involved in newspaper work, gain valuable experience, and even have a good time. We also need a "features" editor, someone to solicit interesting stories about the campus, community or the world at large. You don't need any experience—just a nose for the interesting or bizarre. Call x2430 for more information.

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Wednesday **free admission**

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Nov 14 **9:30-12:30 pm**
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City on a Hill

. . . not just another pretty face.

On the Agenda

by Gary Patton

The election just past reminds us that national politics have become less involved with questions of political power than with questions of political preeminence. "Presidential politics" is the name we give to the struggle over who will serve as our symbolic captain at the helm of the ship of state. Honorific rewards attend the victor, but will things be fundamentally different because of the choice that was made?

Who appoints the next members of the Supreme Court may well determine whether you will go to jail for resisting a mandatory national service scheme likely to be enacted within the next two years, or whether your three-year-old sister will die, sixteen years from now, in Tijuana Mexico, where she went to get an abortion. Who steers the ship is more than a question of style; still, neither major party candidate for President would apparently carry out, or even consider, a fundamental change of course. This is widely understood, and the knowledge of it infects our politics with despair, as more and more of us sense that the ship of state is on a collision course with national and international disaster.

The tendency of things to continue in the same direction is the "power" of inertia, and that is the "power" that seems most relevant to present national politics. As we know from Newton's laws, no new infusion of energy or action is necessary to continue a process once in motion, for such processes will continue indefinitely unless it meets friction or resistance. The politics of the contemporary United States seem to offer a textbook example of how inertia works in the

OPINION

political sphere. In the areas of employment, economics, energy, the environment, and international affairs, the momentum of our politics is taking us toward catastrophe. The inertia is so great that a change of direction seems impossible. Indeed, the Presidential debates focused not on what fundamental changes of direction we should pursue, but on which candidate is most fit to preside over processes the direction of which is already assumed. Will this candidate or that candidate better preside over the inertial power of American militarism? This is not the question which our politics should be posing. With or without Salt II and the MX missile, the world is moving towards a nuclear holocaust, and any politics not concerned with making a fundamental change in the direction of that movement is an ersatz politics.

Genuine politics are concerned with change—fundamental change. And how does fundamental, qualitative change occur? Not in contests which determine who will preside over what is happening already, but as individual women and men make fundamental changes in the direction of their own lives. The inertia of historic processes not only causes, but is also comprised of, the individual inertial movements represented by what each of us individually chooses to do with our own energy and action. The friction and resistance that can slow down our movement towards disaster, and that can turn the course of history, will come from the infusion of new energy and action "across the grain" of the politics over which the candidates are fighting to preside.

Gary Patton represents the Third District on the County Board of Supervisors. The Board meets each Tuesday at the Governmental Center, beginning at 9:00 am. Supervisor Patton holds an open meeting each Monday morning, at 8:00 am, at the Caffe Pergolesi, to discuss the Board's agenda. He reports on critical issues before the Board each Tuesday evening, at 6:05 pm on KSCO Radio, 1080 AM.

Cucchiara, Levy win:

Democrats sweep local races



photos by Richard Ozer

by Eiji Suzuki & Irene Moosen

While the Republican sweep overwhelmed the nation, Santa Cruz County consistently supported Democrats for every office except the presidency. The election was most significant to Santa Cruz residents because the character and direction of the board of supervisors changed drastically as liberal candidates took seats in the Second and Fifth Districts.

As a result, the complexion of the board next January will now feature a new liberal majority consisting of Third District (Seaside-UCSC) supervisor Gary Patton and the two newcomers, Second District (Aptos-Capitola) supervisor Robley Levy and Fifth District (San Lorenzo Valley) supervisor Joe Cucchiara. The board's conservative minority will consist of longtime First District (Live Oak-Soquel) supervisor Dan Forbus and newly-elected Fourth District (Pajaro Valley) supervisor E. Wayne Moore, Jr.

In the Fifth District, conservative incumbent Pat Liberty was ousted by over 500 votes in a heated campaign filled with mud-slinging and numerous legal actions.

At a candidates' forum held before the election, Liberty insinuated that Cucchiara made slanderous statements against her, and accused her of using a "surrogate committee of legal hacks," and starting a whisper campaign against him.

On election night, it seemed like Liberty would win the election. With more than half of the precincts counted, she led by a wide margin. But progressive hopefuls, remembering Cucchiara's surprising last-minute victory in the June primary, were rewarded early Wednesday morning. Cucchiara was announced to be the winner by a margin of 2.8 percent. The final tally showed Cucchiara with 51.4 percent of the votes and Liberty with 48.5 percent.

Likewise, in the Second District, early returns indicated that former sheriff Doug James would take over the seat to be vacated by Supervisor Marilyn Liddicoat. But when the final votes were in, Levy came out ahead with 47.7 percent to James' 45.7 percent. Six and a-half percent in that district voted for no one.

The Second District race, although not as volatile as the one in the Fifth, still featured its own share of mud-slinging.

Briefly before the election, the Levy for Supervisor committee printed an advertisement quoting statements made by Marilyn Liddicoat before the June primary. At that time Liddicoat, who supported another conservative candidate, Bob McKenzie, referred to James as "unfit" to be supervisor.

Liddicoat, who switched her allegiance to James after the primary, accused the Levy campaign of distortion. In addition, she took numerous opportunities to attack Levy, including violating a non-political rule at the Rio Del Mar and Seascape Improvement Association's annual meeting, and a supervisors' hearing on the growth rate, when she insinuated that the elections of Robley Levy and Joe Cucchiara could be the beginnings of socialism. James, after the results were known, expressed disappointment at "the direction the county seems to be taking."

In both of these districts, voter turnout exceeded 78 percent. They were followed in this category by the Fourth District (Watsonville) with 77.5 percent. These areas were expected to pull the highest turnout since they had supervisorial contests. However, unlike the other two districts, the race in the Fourth District was not nearly as close or as heavily contested as the others.

Pajaro Valley School Board trustee E. Wayne Moore, Jr. won by a margin of 60.95 percent to 39 percent gained by his opponent Watsonvill City-Councilman Frank Osmer. Moore will take over the office immediately instead of next January because current supervisor Chris Matthews, who was eliminated in the June primary, was appointed, rather than elected to the board. As a result, Moore will only serve a two-year term and must run again in 1982.

In the California State assembly, Sam Farr gained the highest percentage of votes in a field of four. Farr came out ahead with 53.3 percent of the vote, followed by Republican Ann Welchner with 37.7 percent. Michael Zaharakis of the Peace and Freedom Party came in third with 4.9 percent and Libertarian Don Atkinson received 4 percent.

The victories of Senator Alan Cranston, and Congessman Leon Panetta countered the nation-wide offensive on liberal congressional candidates. Paul Gann, the Republican challenger to Cranston, was overwhelmingly defeated with Cranston winning by a 2-1 margin.

In the 16th District congressional race, Democratic incumbent Leon Panetta regained his seat with an easy victory over Republican Jack Roth. The 3-1 victory for Panetta demonstrated his strong appeal within the diverse political spectrum encompassed in his district, stretching from Santa Cruz County in the north to the tip of San Luis Obispo County in the south.

The toughest race of the statewide seats was the State Senate race between former Assemblyman Henry Mello and Republican Eric Seastrand. Henry Mello had wide support from Democrats in the district, with 40 percent of his total vote coming from Santa Cruz County, the largest county in his district. Eric Seastrand is known as a right-winger who unsuccessfully challenged Leon Panetta for Congress. In 1976, his support came primarily from agribusiness, the Gun Owners of California, the Law and Order Campaign Committee and the Free Market political action committee.

The race for the State Senate seat marked the second highest campaign spending in the state with the total reaching over $500,000. Elaborate television ads and mass direct mail campaigns account for much of the expenditures. Seastrand apparantly could not compete with the reputation and name recognition earned by Mello in his four years as Assembly man. The only race that outspent Mello and Seastrand was the heated State Senate race in southern California between Republican Ed Davis, former Los Angeles chief of police, and Democrat Rosemary Woodlock, an attorney. Davis won that race.

The final tally showed a victory for Mello with 49 percent to Seastrand's 48 percent votes. Kilburn, the Libertarian party candidate took 3 percent.

Collective bargaining

Signs of faculty apathy

by Stuart Leavenworth

Following a sparsely-attended Academic Senate meeting last week, there are signs of disinterest among UCSC faculty about the upcoming election for representation and adoption of collective bargaining at UCSC.

The pre-Halloween Academic Senate meeting, scheduled especially to allow an extensive discussion of the representative election, was attended by only a handful of UCSC's 346 full-time teachers last Wednesday, October 29. Since not enough faculty members were present for a quorum, Academic Senate Chair Brewster Smith dropped the other items on the agenda and proposed an informal discussion of collective bargaining.

"It is shocking that there are so few of us here," Smith commented as he looked over the sea of empty chairs in the Performing Arts Concert Hall. "This is an issue on which many people are still undecided. Therefore, they should be here."

Smith added that the collective bargaining election has become even more important in recent weeks because of the addition of the American Federation of Teachers (AFT) to the ballot for representation. The other organization vying to officially represent UCSC teachers in collective bargaining is the UCSC Faculty Association.

Ballots will be counted by the Public Employment Relations Board on November 25, one week after UCLA holds a similar election. (For an organization to become the elected representative, it must receive 50 percent of the vote. The faculty may also vote for "no representation" if it so desires.)

Last year, in the first such election of its kind, UC Berkeley's faculty voted by a narrow margin for "no representation." In that election, more than 30 percent of the teachers did not vote.

At the Academic Senate meeting, economics professor Jacob Michaelson reiterated the Faculty Association's position that local issues will not be bargained collectively if that organization is elected as the official representative. (See October 9 issue of *City On A Hill.*) Stating that local issues (i.e. resource allocations, parking) are not that important, Michaelson said that the main thrust of the Faculty Association, if elected, would be to lobby the state legislature over "bread and butter" issues such as wages and retirement benefits.



graphic by Kerry Anna Cobra

a sheepish faculty

Michaelson said that although UCSC will probably have chances in the future to vote for representation, by doing so now it would become the first university with an official representative. This would give it additional prestige when other UC faculty follow suit. Michaelson added that he thinks that the other campuses in the system are waiting for someone else to take the initiative.

Assistant Vice-Chancellor John Isbister, responding to Brewster Smith's request for someone to speak against representation and collective bargaining, said that he felt the timing of the faculty vote was inappropriate. He said that UCSC's attempt to go ahead with collective bargaining at this point would show that "we are insecure with our future in respect to other campuses." He proposed that the faculty wait until other campuses in the system decide the issue in their respective elections.

Faculty members mixed metaphors in the meeting's closing discussion, describing the "domino effect" of the faculty vote, "the alligators in the swamp," and "those bastards in the legislature." On leaving, many of the few teachers who attended still seemed confused about the issues and the characters involved with the representation election.

As one faculty member said to another following the meeting: "I just don't understand what is going on. Here is Jacob Michaelson, one of the most conservative teachers on campus, supporting a seemingly leftist thing like collective bargaining and on the other hand is John Isbister, who is something of a socialist, speaking against it. It just doesn't make sense."

Collective Bargaining Collection

The Santa Cruz Collective Bargaining Collection

The Public Employment Relations Board (PERB) has scheduled an election that will determine whether the faculty members of the Santa Cruz Division of the Academic Senate will be represented by an exclusive collective bargaining agent. In order to expose some aspects of collective bargaining to those interested in the issues, a small collection of books, brochures, pamphlets, papers, articles, and bibliographies, as well as contracts, have been assembled in the Santa Cruz Collective Bargaining Collection. The Collection, by the Personnel Office, is now housed in the Reserve Book Section of the McHenry Library. Items available are listed under the heading "Collective Bargaining."

The documents in this collection were assembled to help you compare the existing campus and University policies and government with those of other colleges and universities.

You are encouraged to go beyond the material immediately at hand through the Collection's bibliography, and through the bibliographies in the books, articles and papers.

You may wish to examine and compare the University of California Academic Personnel Policy Manual with the specific contract language developed through collective bargaining at other institutions.

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Transit strike settled

photo by Renee Martinez



by Ann Scott Knight

After an 18-day strike, the Santa Cruz bus drivers are back to work with a new contract. Despite district claims that it would not negotiate while the strike was on, the management met with the United Transportation Union local over the weekend, and both sides came to an agreement.

"Considering how young the union is," said driver Peter Varga, "I think we accomplished quite a bit."

The drivers are both pleased and dissatisfied with the new contract. Though they did not receive binding arbitration or wage parity with Santa Clara drivers, the district was forced to compromise on issues of part-time drivers, benefits, and working conditions.

All drivers seem to agree that the biggest victory was the strengthening of the union, and the solidarity between the public and the drivers.

"We took a stand, the union is stronger," said driver Allan Brill, "and we have a contract that is a hell of a lot better than the last one."

Board member Mike Rotkin thought that both sides felt good about the contract in the end. "Both sides moved significantly over the weekend," he said. "There is no reason for the drivers to feel that they didn't get a good contract."

He admitted that the drivers did not get everything they wanted or deserved. "The drivers were forced to give up a lot in wages," he said.

Another board member, Gary Patton, said that he was glad that the union had demanded better working conditions because in the past the district had overlooked the drivers.

"The contract is four times as large as the old one," said Brill. "It includes a lot of our language, a lot of details. In the old contract everything was vague and left up to the management. Now we have solid rules."

Drivers received a 9 1/2 percent raise, and a cost of living clause that will amount to about 11 percent over the next year. The top wage will be $8.06 per hour. The drivers' original proposal asked for $9.50 per hour.

Whereas the district had insisted upon a part-time workforce of 40 percent, the drivers forced them down to a 20 percent part-time crew. The drivers gained benefits like dental coverage, medical coverage with no deductible, and medical coverage for dependents after two years.

"The working conditions clauses were wonderful, amazing," exclaimed extra-board driver Peter Varga. Brill agrees that the working conditions will be "excellent" compared to what they used to be.

Instead of binding arbitration, if drivers have complaints, they will follow a five-step procedure which includes calling in a state officer to arbitrate the grievance. "The state officer has a lot of weight," said Varga.

Just because a contract has been hammered out doesn't mean that the union will stop fighting for things like better wages and binding arbitration. "We're starting to think right now about when this contract ends in 20 months," said Brill. "Wages will probably be the big issue."

Drivers feel that they gained as much as they did because of the strike. "We got those working conditions because of the strike," said Varga. "and we forced them to come down on the part-time drivers because of the strike."

Most drivers feel that public support was the key factor in the contract gains. "The public support was great," said Brill. "They were solid for us. Today on the bus I listened to people tell me how they walked, how hard it was for them without buses, how many callouses they had on their feet. But they all said they were glad we got something."

Rotkin feels that "the struggle is not over." He hopes that the district will "demonstrate fairness in their application of the contract."

The new contract is good for 18 months. "In that time the union will build itself and become even stronger," said Brill. "We got as much as we could this time."

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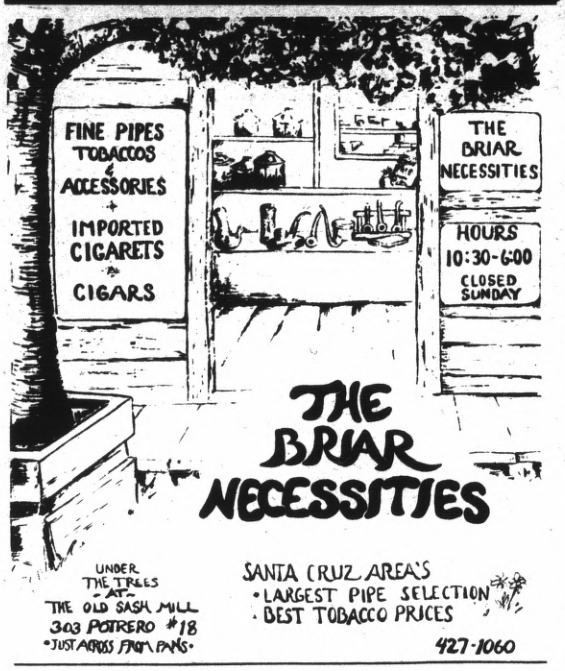
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BETWEEN THE LINES

by Stuart Leavenworth

"Nice armband you have there," the bus driver said to me as I got on the bus yesterday. "Not very original though. You are about the eighth student I have seen wearing one this morning."

She flicked her flicker as I showed her my ID.

"That's because I'm doing such a good business," I said, thinking up a good excuse. "You see, I'm selling 'em. All different colors. Do you want to buy one? All proceeds go to funding my airplane ticket out of the country." I kept a straight face.

"Where are you planning to go?" she asked nimbly.

"Oh, I don't know. Everyone else is going to Canada. Hmm, maybe I'll go to South America. I hear the weather's better down there."

"South America, huh?" she said. "Heck, you should just join the CIA. Now that Reagan is president, I hear there'll be opportunities to travel."

"Good point," I said. She pulled the bus away from the curb as I took a seat.

It felt good to be back on the bus. You can always come across some original political dialogue on a bus which you'll find nowhere else. Of course, I was disappointed that the drivers hadn't gotten their demands met, but then, with the system the way it is, they had the cards stacked against them. It's kinda like this past election. We got a bad deal.

The guy sitting across from me had the same opinion. "This is screwed," he said while reading the morning paper. "Ronald Reagan is president. I don't believe it. They always told me about the rise of the New Right, but I never thought it could happen. Geeezzzz. Ronald Reagan is *president*."

"Bonzo," I said.

"What?" He looked at me weird.

"Bonzo. That's a movie that Reagan was in before he started running for office and dying his hair. *Bedtime for Bonzo*. It's about this relationship between a college professor and a chimpanzee. Really kinky."

The guy started to fume. "I don't believe this," he said. "Here we are; we've got a right-wing Republican majority in the US Senate, a House of Representatives which may go in two years, a 69-year old president who says that Vietnam was a noble cause, opposes ERA, supports a constitutional amendment outlawing abortion, and wants to start an arms race with the Soviet Union so that we can threaten them into disarmament negotiations, and you're talking about fucking *bonzo*?"

"Don't get so upset," I said. (The guy was losin' it.) "Look at it this way: we may have gotten shafted on the national front, but here in Santa Cruz, we're doing OK. Cucchiara and Levy won, so now we have a liberal majority on the board of supervisors, and even ol' Henry Mello pulled through in the clutch."

"Yes, but just barely," the guy said. (For literary convenience, let's call him 'Red'.) "Because of that stupid Carter conceding so early, a lot of people didn't vote that would have otherwise."

"Ya," I said, "but what do you expect from a guy who invites people to his house when he doesn't even know if he's gonna live there next year."

Red refused to talk to me after that. He went back to his newspaper.

A little while later another student got on the bus, sat down next to Red and me, and started talking about how worried he was about his midterm in his physics class. Red started to fume again.

"What will I do?" the student pondered to himself. "I still haven't read the 500 chapters about vectors. I'm going to fail. I'm going to flunk out. They'll kick me out of school. I'll have to go back to Fresno."

I tried to console him by selling him an armband, but he didn't understand what it was for. He went back to his sniveling.

Meanwhile, Red had become furious. "We're in the midst of the most devastating right-wing political phenomenon since what happened to the Weimar Republic, and *you're talking about your midterm? I don't fucking believe it!*"

I got off at the next stop.

Cycling program growing

by Robert Liebold

The UCSC Intramural Cycling Program got off to a slow start last Saturday, but it is the first time it's been tried, and there are a lot of events to go. The event was the University Road Race, held on a 3-mile loop using Hagar, Mclaughlin and Coolidge Drives on campus, which was the site of the Northern California US Cycling Federation Road Championships last summer. Mark Jansen, a Cowell alumni from last year, won the four-lap event in a time of 33:22, coming in well ahead of Oakes student Daniel Robbins and graduate student Jon Gold. The two-lap novice race was won for Kresge by Dave Cone, with Sheri Levin of Crown close behind.

This week's intramural event will be a 9.5 mile time trial from Davenport into Santa Cruz on Highway One. The event will start in Davenport at 10:00 am on Saturday, and those cyclists not wishing to ride up to Davenport for the start can get a ride in a UCSC van. The van will leave the East Field House at 9:15 and the West Field House at 9:30, and will transport both bicycles and riders up to the starting line in Davenport.

The cycling intramural program is open to all students, staff, faculty and alumni with rec cards, and the UCSC Cycling Club invites all campus cyclists to compete in the time trial. It is a ride against time, a ride to test the skills and strength of the individual rider, not a race against others. Riders will be sent off at 1-minute intervals; the finish line is at the east entrance to Wilder Ranch from Hwy One, just west of the Santa Cruz city limits.

In upcoming weeks, the intramural program will include a hill-climb up Empire Grade on Saturday the 16th, and a second University Criterium on November 23rd. Information on the Intramural program is available from Terry Warner, in the trailers at the East Field House, at 429-4220.

On Sunday, in the meadows west of the Farm, the first cyclocross of the year brought out old and new fans and riders for the sport of cross-country bicycle racing. Mark Jansen, Alan Ott, and a twisted-ankled Dan Nall led a dwindling field of riders at the finish of the 45-minute-plus-one-lap race, billed as the first of the Surf City series. These cycling-running combination races will continue for the next three weeks, at 10:30 am west of the Farm. There will be both a USCF-licensed competition and an open class for beginners. The race is co-sponsored by the UCSC Cycling Club and the Santa Cruz County Cycling Club, and it costs $1.50 to enter the whole series. A helmet is required (though there are extras available at the race) and riders had better wear clothes they don't mind getting dirty. For information, call 425-8688, and ask for Bob.

The Saturday afternoon University bicycle Ride is growing and has brought in students of varying ability. Each week, the Club starts at 1:00 pm on Saturday from the downtown post office, and heads into the hills (not large ones) around Scotts Valley, for a total distance of around 15 miles. Beginners are encouraged to come on the ride, as it is not geared for the faster-paced racers. (Those interested in trying a faster, longer ride should try the Saturday morning SCCCC ride, starting from McDonald's on Mission Street at 7:30 am; it's 40 miles and the pace is quite a bit faster.) Information on University ride is available from Ben, Tom or Eric at 429-5040.

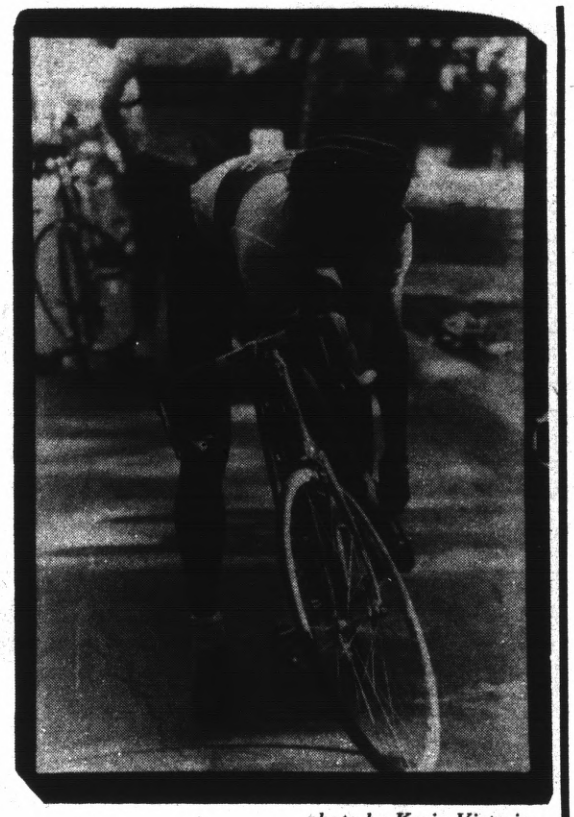
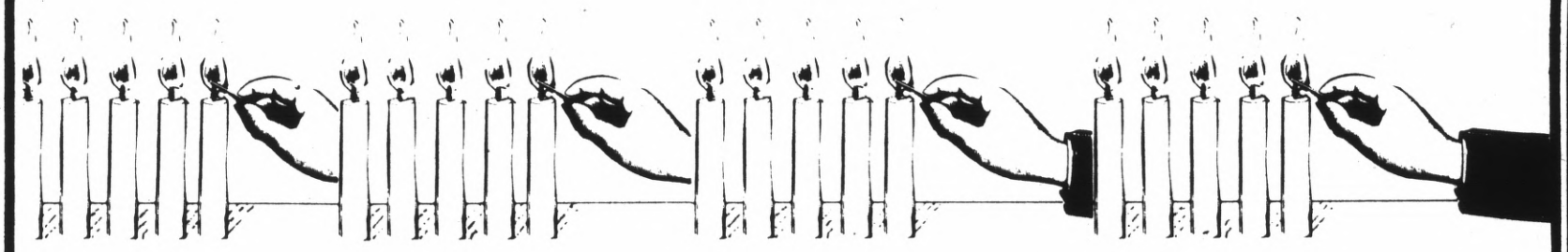


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CITY CLIPS

REZONING FOR THE RESIDENTIAL FEW: You can say so long to the vacant corner lot at Bay Street and West Cliff Drive. Last week, the city council rezoned the 1.9 acre piece of beach property for development of residential townhouses.

After the property was originally zoned for the building of a hotel or motel enabling it to be used by tourists, the owners of the property argued that the configuration and location of the property did not lend itself to visitor-serving use.

Councilperson Bert Muhly opposed the rezoning and observed that the "townhouses are going to be like those at Pajaro Dunes . . . leased out most of the year. In their own way a specialized type of transit visitor use."

If the townhouses were built today, the owners of the property estimated that the townhouses would each cost approximately $175,000.

A TRASHY FEE: The costs of running the city are getting so high that the government is looking for money anywhere they can find it. This time it's at the dump. No, they're not digging around the trash for spare pennies, but from now on it will cost you to make some personal deposits at the county site.

By a vote of 4-3, the Santa Cruz City Council voted to impose fees for use of the city dump. (You mean it used to be free?) So, if you have some old passenger car tires lying around the house, it may cost you 50¢ a piece to get rid of them. If you want to get rid of a tree stump, it will end up costing you $10, that is if it's between 24 and 36 inches in diameter. If your tree stump happens to be bigger, it'll be $15.

LEGAL DRUG PROBLEM: Street pushers and school yard drug dealers are not the culprits of our country's drug problem. Dr. Josette Mondonaro, former state drug abuse division director, who currently works as the executive director of the comprehensive health service "Wingspread" in Santa Cruz, blames doctors, pharmaceutical companies and families for creating conditions under which almost every physical, emotional or psychological ailment is treated by massive and continued doses of prescription or other legal drugs.

For example, Mondonaro stated that almost all teen-agers with drug problems "got their first drink from the family liquor chest and their first drugs from the family medicine cabinet." And today, she continued, "the dependency of women on tranquilizing drugs and sedative drugs has increased at an alarming rate." She pointed to statistics showing that sixty-seven percent of all prescriptions for "psychoactive" drugs (ones that alter a person's mental state) are written for women.

She cited the local estimates of 12,000 women in Santa Cruz and Santa Clara counties alone who are dependent on prescription drugs.

In addition to the problem of over prescription of drugs is the problem of alcoholism. This Friday, as part of a benefit for Wingspread, a showing of a new film called, "Women, Drugs and Alcohol" will be screened at 7:30 on Friday night at Santa Cruz High School. The film will be followed by the Sonoma County Brown Bag Reader's Theatre production of "Women and Alcoholism."

BATTLING OVER BEDS: Despite an outpouring of protest last week by Community Hospital, Dominican Hospital received first-step approval on its $114 million request for a 114-bed expansion at a public hearing held by the Mid-Coast Health Systems Agency (MHSA).

The MHSA governing body will review the public hearing approval on November 13 and prepare a recommendation on the expansion request for the Office of Statewide Health Planning and Development. The final decision will be made by the director of the Statewide Health Office.

Before the decision was made, testimony was heard into the early morning hours from supporters of both hospitals. Several speakers representing Community Hospital warned that granting the application to Dominican would impact severely on the future of Community Hospital.

Nevertheless, the panel agreed that Dominican met all the criteria needed for expansion approval. It managed to find a way around a MHSA formula which states that there is presently an excess of medical surgical beds in the county.

In an attempt to clear the air of any animosity between the two hospitals, Wayne Boss, associate administrator for Dominican Hopital commented that Dominican is not criticizing the employees or staff of Community. He said, "We know them to be hardworking, dedicated health professionals."

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Campus committees

Roads to decision-making

by Pat Kelly

Have you ever wondered why students are the last to know about important decisions that will affect them, such as the grade option, collective bargaining, or the change in honors criteria? The single major reason is the absence of an organized student government at UC Santa Cruz. There is no recognized student group that the administration can turn to for suggestions or that students can rely on for information about administrative and academic plans. Whenever immediate action is needed by students, such as opposition to the grade option, we're forced to haphazardly form ad hoc committees; after organizing, the battle to uncover the real decision-makers and issues begins. It's a frustrating, ineffective way to gain a voice in our university's governance.

UCSC needs a system to coordinate and disseminate information to student groups, college governments and the campus community, on topics ranging from how to get project funding to when the Academic Senate will be discussing important issues. This summer, a group of students appointed by the Chancellor, researched and prepared a report entitled "Student Participation in University Governance," which outlines such a system. It will be available in the Student Affairs Office in Central Services and at college offices. I encourage all students to read it and begin to think of ways to organize.

The structure of UCSC student organizations and governments is currently as follows: campus-wide groups (like the Black Student Alliance) are organized through the Campus Activities Office; recreational and sports clubs go through the Office of Physical Education and Recreation; and each College has its own groups and college affairs offices.

Student participation in campus policy formation consists of student membership on committees such as the library committee and the Committee on Courses and Curricula. Students are chosen for these committees by the Student Committee on Committees (comprised of one provost-appointed student from each college). The student groups involved with the "purse strings" of the campus are the Core Council, which allocates funds to campus-wide organizations, and the new Media Council, which determines budgets for campus media. The most influential student committee is the Registration Fee Advisory Committee. They prepare a budget for the use of our registration fees and present it to the Chancellor.

The autonomy of our system of colleges is preserved by each college having its own student budgeting committee and activities group. These groups send representatives to the Core Council and Committee on Committees.

Unfortunately, these groups are not linked together—there is no way for one committee to know another's activities, and worse, no way to systematically inform the students at large on decisions being made.

ORGANIZE

Students serving on committees have no group to report to and cannot gain student support and opinions; the student community has no way of knowing what is going on except by word of mouth; and lastly, the administration sees students as a disorganized group incapable of representation of student views in university planning.

We must begin to take action. A group of students are currently planning a meeting of all students involved with campus groups and committees to be held early winter quarter. We hope to develop some constructive way of "getting our acts together." If you're concerned, start discussing the situation, read the document prepared on student government, write down expectations and things to be avoided—we have a big project ahead.

Students against the draft

The Students United Against the Draft (SUAD) is a statewide organization of campus groups that grew out of this movement. SUAD is sponsoring a statewide Student Anti-Draft Conference this November 8th and 9th at the University of California, Berkeley where activists and movement supporters will get together to share our organizing experiences and to build up local anti-draft groups.

The conference will consist of speakers and workshops on Saturday and a SUAD plenary session on Sunday. The scheduled keynore speakers are: Ron Kovic, a Vietnam War veteran, anti-war activist, and author of *Born on the 4th of July*; a representative of the West Coast Asian Pacific Student Union, Erich Nakano, speaking on Third World people and the draft.

The Saturday afternoon workshops will focus on building the anti-draft movement and sharing experiences, and will include such topics as: Women and the Draft, Building an Anti-Draft Campus Organization, Counseling and Resistance, and Building Unity between the Anti-Draft and Anti-Nuclear Movements. Following the workshops will be a panel discussion on National Liberation movements with speakers from El Salvador, Korea, the Phillipines, Iran and the South-West African People's Organization (Namibia).

Saturday night there will be an anti-draft cabaret and talent show, an evening of people's culture and a benefit for SUAD.

On Sunday the plenary session will discuss campus activites, proposals for action against registration in January, and other future plans for the statewide campus anti-draft movement.

For more information on the November conference or SUAD, contact Nora Cody or Lee Trampleasure at 613 Eshleman Hall, UC Berkeley, 94720 or call 642-7783. Locally, contact Emily Adelman, UCSC, 429-6707.

GET INVOLVED!

There are currently fourteen administrative and Academic Senate committee openings for students. Student representation on these committees is essential as committee decisions and actions have a significant effect on the functioning of our University. Without responsible student input and activism within these committees the interests of students are not insured. The deadline for applying to be a student representative is November 14th at 4:00 p.m. Apply now. All applications are to be turned in at the Campus Activities Office.

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For descriptions of the committees or for more information contact the Campus Activities Office, x2934

This solicitation has been submitted by the UCSC committee on committees.



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Ronald Reagan
Gallows humor

OPINION

by Dave Tracey

There's no use denying it—you now live in Reagan Country. Come January, the Reagan Reich will take control of the nuclear button and the most powerful military machine in the world.

Sure, we may soon be involved in a war, have what few social programs that still exist go down the drain, see four Supreme Court justices appointed by a man who opposes the ERA and watch our government send more support to repressive Shah-like regimes.

But don't go getting gloomy or anything. You know Carter didn't deserve to be re-elected. Besides, if you get right down to it, there isn't a whole lot of difference between Jimmy and Ronny—Reagan just talks meaner. So lets look on the bright side!

My friends have something they call "The Reagan Corner' on their fridge. Starting in the lower right hand corner and spreading up are newspaper clippings on Ron from throughout the campaign. President Ford is certainly a hard act to beat, but these even rival some of Jerry's delightful tumbles down flights of stairs or verbal fumbles that we all loved to read about on the front page.

For instance, one clipping reads "Reagan's Neighbors Worry." Which makes sense on one level—so do people all over the country—all over the world for that matter. But it's even better if you start to wonder what strange noises the neighbors may have heard late at night that have them concerned. You can learn a lot about a person by living near him.

Then there's one that says "Reagan Has Doubts About Evolution." It sits directly above a two-photo spread entitled "Reagan Up A Tree." A clever combination, but it gets even better when you look at the pictures. The big one shows a smiling, bare-chested (naked above the waist, they used to call it) Ron standing in a tree holding a saw for the cameras.

Well, he may be old and dye his hair and lose the point in the middle of the sentence but he's not afraid to take off his shirt for the reporters or do his own yard work. But then you think for a while and wonder how a presidential candidate in the thick of a campaign has time to do odd jobs around the house. It also seems kind of strange for a right-handed person to hold a saw in his left hand.

The second picture really convinces you that he gave the gardener the day off. It shows Ron's contorted face as he tries to remove something from his eye. Perhaps he didn't realize you don't prune branches directly overhead while you look up at them.

There's another picture from the Republican national convention with a caption that reads "Mrs. Reagan Trips," which is pretty funny all by itself. The caption explains how Mrs. Reagan took a dive while making her way to her seat and how "her hand and the top of her head are visible above the curtain rail."

The picture is wonderful, catching her at the last possible moment before she disappeared on the floor. It shows her daughter Maureen with a horrified expression and her hands wide open like she had just dropped a friend's baby. Three standard Republican-type women behind Nancy are shown with shocked expressions befitting the occasion. Beside them is a young man in a white suit who must be working undercover as a Reagan Youth—he's shown with the slightest touch of a smile, like he doesn't want to let on but he can't help being amused by the very proper Nancy Reagan gnawing on the carpet.

With President Carter, the best we got (and the pickings were slim at that) was a variety of peanut jokes. Unfortunately, peanuts as a rule simply do not lend themselves to jokes. Maybe if he had been a turnip farmer or had raised chinchillas, things would have been better. As it is, we had about a year and a half of peanut humor, a few jokes about his smile and then nothing.

Reagan's past, however, is a gold mine for presidential mirth. Pictures from the Bonzo movies alone are enough for a few yuks. A personal favorite is one with Ron and the chimp in one bed looking over at the female co-star alone in the other. Nancy would be proud. Or shocked if she let her imagination get away with her, but First Lady candidates have learned to control their imaginations along with their husbands, long ago.

Then there's Reagan's autobiography, the title of which he took from a movie about a person who gets his legs amputated. It may be a dramatic title for a movie, but what would make a person call a book about their life *Where's the Rest of Me?*

But you don't need to search the past to get some good guffaws out of Ron. Until his campaign managers decided he could only hurt himself by saying whatever he wanted ("shoot himself in the foot" was the popular expression) and gave him only short stock speeches to read, he showed genuine potential for keeping at least one foot near, if not in, his mouth.

He had to be told how many Pakistanis there are, and the nature of issues he was making speeches about to midwestern farmers. He used to claim there was more oil in Alaska than in all of Saudi Arabia until his managers told him otherwise. And it couldn't have been more fitting that his plane was diverted from the LA airport because of smog right around the time he announced that the air pollution problem was behind us.

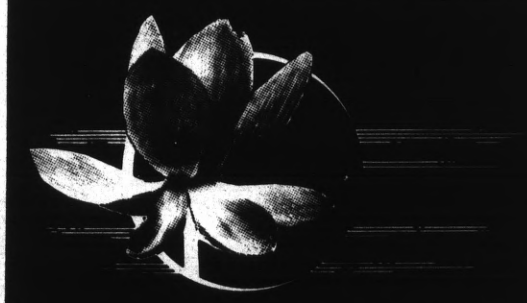
You don't even have to go to specifics. His whole campaign to return America to the Eisenhower "bland leading the bland" years is somehow laughable. Like his acceptance speech at the convention when he stated his belief in "family, work, neighborhood, peace and freedom"—tough slate to argue against.

At the end of the speech, when he held back the tears and bowed his head in prayer, you could imagine millions of patriotic Americans wondering if they too should bow their heads, unsure if God was watching them right there in their living rooms. Ron had two endings to his speech typed up—the silent prayer was a risky manuever that could have gone wrong if the crowd had been so enthralled by their leader that they couldn't be quiet enough to make it work. But he's an old performer from way back who knows how to get a crowd under control. It worked marvelously—the crowd and the TV audience ate it up.

He was at it again the night before the election in a paid TV ad, invoking the ghost of Duke Wayne to inspire patriotic Americans to vote Republican. It worked again, the public sucked it up and he won by a landslide (at least among those that felt it made sense to vote).

But we'll get the last laugh. Wait until Ron finds out the Howdy Doody 50s days are over. That simple reactionary rhetoric won't solve the complex problems of advanced capitalism-on-the-decline. That he's just won the dubious honor of taking the most bit-off-more-than-you-can-chew job in the world.

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PHOTOGRAPHING MAYAN RUINS: YUCATAN CHRISTMAS, Dec 27 - Jan 3, field trip to the ancient Mayan ruins at Chichen Itza, Uxmal, Merida, Dzitbalchen and Progreso. Instruction in both black and white and color. Steve Crouch. Call for travel details and fee.

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Neighborhood power in City Hall

by Mary Ellen Leary

EDITOR'S NOTE: If minority voters stay home on November 4th it doesn't mean they've abandoned politics. They've merely turned to local issues, especially the question of district versus city-wide local elections. The trend toward district elections and proportional representation is transforming numerous local power structures, and minorities are the clear winners reports Mary Ellen Leary, who writes on politics and economics for PNS and the London-based **Economist** *magazine.*

The widespread belief that ethnic voters are "disengaging" from the national political scene may well be confirmed by a low ethnic turnout on November 4. But if this happens, it should not be interpreted as an ethnic abandonment of the political process.

To the contrary, present evidence suggests that minority voters are getting more politically involved than ever. But they are doing so primarily at the local level where they are spearheading a strong trend across the nation in the decentralization of city government.

The trend may be likened to the old notion about earthquakes and revolutions: lots of little ones relieve the pressure toward the catastrophic one. There is no question that a lot of little revolutions are being fought in city after city today, and by and large they are being fought, and won, by minority voters.

At the heart of these mini-revolutions is the question of "district" versus "at-large" city elections.

In practical terms it all boils down to the question of who calls the shots at city hall—the diverse representatives of a city's ethnically diverse districts, or the louder pontifications of the dominant and wealthier "downtown" business districts and white, middle-class "hill" communities.

Critics of the trend toward district voting contend it means local government preoccupation with neighborhood details such as street repair, lighting and garbage service, and less concern with business development and city growth. Experience with district elected councils reveals a fair degree of amateur impulsiveness in council sessions, unpredictability and lengthy wrangling over trivialities.

Many district advocates acknowledge the problems, but reply that it's all worth it if it moves local government to respond more to people than to institutions.

The degree of minority interest in local politics is especially notable in Texas where Mexican-Americans have nearly doubled their registration from four years ago so that they now constitute 18 percent of all voters. And the Southwest Voter Registration Education Project in San Antonio, which is largely responsible for this surge, has focused on local, not national, issues.

"Now they've been electing Mexican-Americans to local office, and things are happening," said Project director Willie Belasquez.

The trend toward higher ethnic voter registration is matched in the South and Southwest, particularly, by the turn toward district local elections.

The trend has been bolstered by the Civil Rights Act of 1965, which was extended and enlarged in scope in 1975, requring that any change in the local election process in regions which have had a "demonstrable history of intentional racial discrimination" must be approved by the US Justice Department. As a result, parts of some 35 states and all of Texas are now required to get federal clearance for any election alterations, even the most trivial, and such changes must not be discriminatory in effect or intent.

That law played a key role in reversing discriminatory voting patterns in Houston when the Justice Department refused to approve a city plan to annex neighboring suburbs until the local government was reshaped to permit minorities district representation on the council.

In Dallas, minority groups did not wait for the city to act. They brought a private lawsuit in the early '70s to force abandonment of "at-large" elections and finally in 1975 won an agreement to a district plan.

The little city of Rome, Ga., where Blacks constitute 24 percent of the population, dragged its heels over conforming to Justice Department authority. But in a test case last April the US Supreme Court affirmed the Civil Rights Division's authority over local election plans. It denied Rome some annexations it sought because these were predominantly white and would "deprive Negro voters of the opportunity to elect a candidate of their choice."

"I guess you'd say there is a trend towards single-member districts," said a spokesman for the Civil Rights section, "and normally this department prefers single-member disticts as affording fairer representation."

This trend ran into something of a snag, however, when the US Supreme Court, on the same April date, reviewing a case out of Mobile, Alabama, held that the 14th and 15th Amendments cannot be construed to require district elections. Since city-wide elections are not discriminatory in intent, the court reasoned, they aren't unconstitutional. One immediate result, according to Gerald Jones, chief of the Justice Department's Civil Rights section, was a decision to drop a case it was preparing against Hattiesburg, Miss., on this issue, though a number of other cases are being processed.

The district voting issue has lately come to dominate the political scene in the San Francisco Bay Area, where strong minority neighborhoods in Oakland and San Francisco have long railed against the dominance of "downtown."

"We had no one at City Hall who spoke for our neighborhoods. Nobody listened," said Jackie Chastain, an active member of the Oakland Community Organizations.

Oakland's first move toward district elections came in 1968, on the surge of civil rights alarms, but downtown's hold was too tight. While Oakland required council candidates to live in the district they would represent, it also permitted at-large, city-wide voting. This meant that the scales were always tipped to those candidates who could best attract the finances of the wealthy, predominantly white, downtown interests.

Two successive ballot attempts to defeat at-large voting failed before the Black and Hispanic neighborhood interests—finally triumphed last June. This November Oakland's district advocates and their white supporters will carry the process a step further by proposing district elections for the school board.

Most moves toward district voting have come from ethnic minorities, but occasionally other interests have led the way. Across the bay from Oakland, San Francisco environmentalists opposed to high rise buildings inititiated the district election move in the early 1970's and the minorities tagged along. One of San Francisco's most critical minorities is the large and cohesive homosexual commnity, which also happens to be fairly concentrated in certain districts.

With the city's other minority groups, the gays and environmentalists finally won approval of district elections in 1977. The next year they strengthened them by insuring that run-off votes would also be at the district level, not city-wide.

But the issue kept reappearing on the ballot each year. In a special election last August, attended by a scant 34 percent of the eligible voters, the city-wide election process was finally voted back in.

This has turned San Francisco's current balloting into a wild melee, with every council seat up for grabs. The turn-out of candidates resembles one of those Bay to Breakers marathon races, with some 65 politicos vying to get the highest 11 pluralities on a city-wide basis.

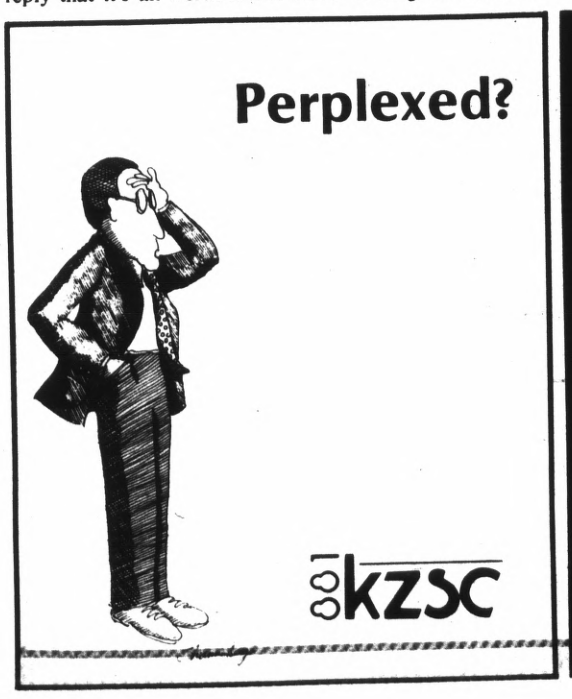
To further confuse things, disgruntled district advocates rushed their own contrary initiative onto the ballot, a plan to reverse the August decision and restore district voting. That proposal will go before San Francisco's voters this November—the sixth sequential vote on the district-versus city wide representation issue in five years, prompting some columnists to refer to the city as "a banana republic."

Elsewhere in California, the issue of district versus at-large voting has spurred a test lawsuit in Pasadena. Black and Hispanic organizations, along with the American Civil Liberties Union, are suing the city to compel an end to city-wide runoffs for elections that start out at a district level.

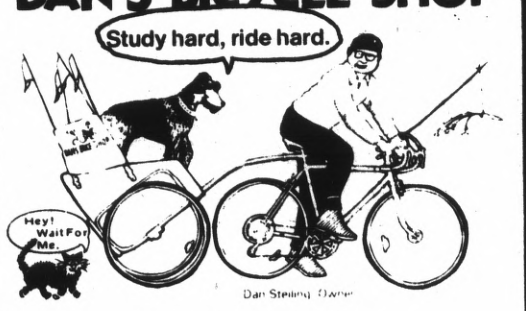
The Pasadena plaintiffs claim that several recent minority candidates who won strong support in their districts were defeated in city-wide runoffs. In one case, a write-in candidate in a runoff came near to defeating a Black woman holding 75 percent of her district's vote.

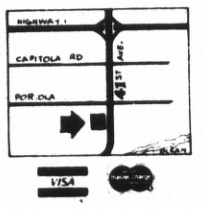
While it is not yet accurate to say that district elections are sweeping the country, it nonethe less appears that the issue is fast becoming a key to greater minority involvement in local politics.

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Human rights setbacks

by Robert Milliken

EDITOR'S NOTE: Human rights activists have generally flourished during the Carter Administration. But now many in the human rights lobby are seriously worried that the next four years may bring setbacks, no matter who is elected, reports Robert Milliken, an Australian journalist now serving a fellowship in the United States.

During a visit to Washington recently, the leader of the Guatemalan Christian Democratic Party, Vinicio Cerezo, was asked how he saw the future for human rights if Ronald Reagan became president. He replied, diplomatically, but grimly: "It would be in the strongest national interest of the US for Reagan to continue this coutry's support for human rights in Latin America."

Cerezo's appeal was spoken with conviction, for 27 members of his opposition party have been assassinated by death squads over the past year, and Cerezo himself is on a death list which he claims the Guatemalan regime has prepared.

His sentiments reflect the growing anxiety among the human rights groups in Washington whose numbers and influence have grown since the Carter Administration made human rights a key plank of its foreign policy. After four years, during which most activists agree the human rights situation in Latin America has benefitted from American support, they are now asking if the momentum can be maintained in a Reagan Administration.

Unlike Carter, Reagan has specifically excluded human rights as a foreign policy concern. Reagan has consistently stressed a building up of America's defenses, an expanded military role for the United States abroad and a strengthening of US ties with Third World allies such as South Korea, Taiwan and Argentina, which have blatantly violated human rights.

This, together with Reagan's call for a strengthening of the CIA, has left human rights groups worried that US foreign policy may be heading for a return to foreign interventionism and the realpolitik of the Nixon and Kissinger era.

But rather than meaning an end to the human rights movement, most groups anticipate their role will increase under a Reagan Presidency, and some are already planning such a scenario. Laurence Birns, director of the Council on Hemispheric Affairs (COHA), a research group on Latin America, says: "If Reagan wins, it will be bad for human rights in Latin America, but good for human rights groups like COHA. There will be more work for us, and more need for resources."

Jo-Marie Griesgraber, deputy director of the Washington Office on Latin America, agrees that by proclaiming a vocal, explicit human rights policy, the Carter Administration has helped temper more violations than would have been the case otherwise. The Office was formed after the 1973 coup in Chile and Uruguay.

photo by Don Luce



Children in Cambodia

"The Carter policy has encouraged vast improvements in Bolivia, Ecuador, Peru, Honduras and the Dominican Republic," she says. "The elections in those countries were tied somehow to the fact that the US would smile on their initiatives.

"In Chile and Paraguay the situations have improved and in Argentina disappearances have fallen from 15,000 between 1976 and 1979 almost to the point of stopping."

Griesgraber says the main fear now is the fate of the human rights legislation making US military and economic aid dependent on a country's human rights performance. The legislation was originally opposed by the White House on grounds that it would tie the president's hands in foriegn policy. But, says Griesgraber, the legislation—especially the bans on US aid to Argentina and Chile—is in danger of being reversed regardless of whether there is a Republican or Democratic Congress after November.

"Argentina has developed close trading ties with the Soviet Union, and this scares the US military," she says. "There is tremendous pressure building up in Congress to eliminate the arms legislation."

Greisgraber foresees some likely changes under a Reagan Presidency: "I expect that a Reagan administration would warm up relations with Argentina and Brazil, renew relations with Chile and then concentrate its strategies on the Caribbean," she says.

"It would also probably stop aid to Nicaragua and resume covert political activities."

Cindy Buhl, of the Coalition for a New Foreign and Military Policy, whose 43-member organizations include several human rights groups, agrees that Reagan would seek an accomodation with Argentina, Chile and Brazil. She suggests that human rights groups would flourish under Reagan. "There is nothing like a clear enemy to draw people together."

But if there is agreement on the outlook, there is uncertainty over the strategy. Human rights activists anticipate that, as under Nixon, there would be little, if any, access to State Department officials, and certainly nothing like the open contacts and information trading that has gone on between the State Department and human rights workers in recent years.

Some human rights activists are equally concerned about the prospect if Carter is re-elected. They see Carter's recent moves towards a more right-wing defense posture as something which could stay in place long after electioneering is over at the expense of his much-trumpeted human rights stand four years ago.

And there is uniform condemnation among Washington's human rights lobby of the Carter policy toward East Asia. Where US policy in Latin American has been backed by sanctions, there has been only token protest from the government at the thousands of political prisoners being held in South Korea, the Philippines and Indonesia.

Pharis Harvey, executive director of the North American Coalition for Human Rights, says: "Carter's human rights policy on East Asia has been virtually unchanged from the days of Kissinger and Nixon. Where US securities are involved, Carter's spokesmen have made it clear, human rights must take a back seat."

Harvey says a Reagan Presidency would "harden up some of the worst elements in the foreign policy establishment which already seem to be in control of Korea policy anyway."

In spite of the disquiet over future policy, the human rights groups are optimistic on one point. They believe events in the last few years have firmly established human rights as a public issue both in the United States and abroad—and that this is here to stay.

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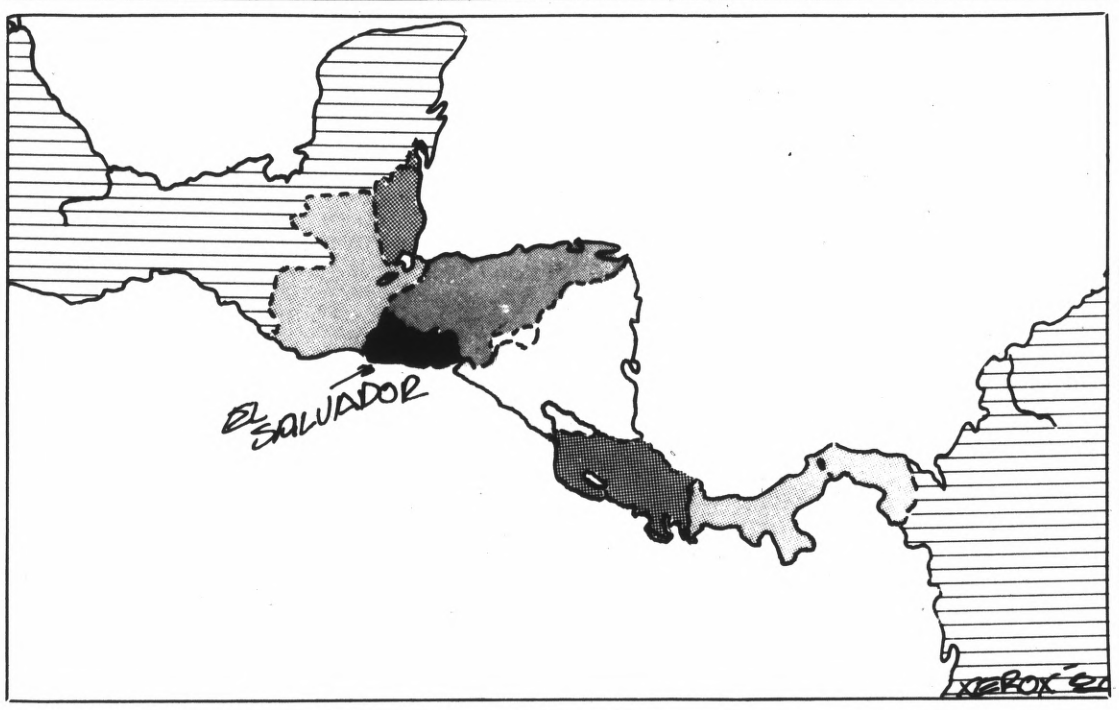
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OPINION

Class warfare in El Salvador



by Kathy Woods

A war is being fought in El Salvador—a civil war in which a repressive minority confronts the overwhelming majority of Salvadorean people. The US has allied itself with this brutal governing minority in an effort to protect US political and corporate interests and to stop the "fall" of El Salvador to communism. In this interest, millions of dollars in military aid are being sent to El Salvador. But this situation is not unfamiliar to the US public.

Before the majority of the American public knew about intervention in Southeast Asia, the US was sending advisors, weapons, and millions of dollars to Vietnam. Now the US is sending that aid to El Salvador. In April of 1954, Vice-President Nixon remarked in an "off-the-record" talk to newspaper editors: "The United States as a leader of the Free World cannot afford further retreat in Asia....If this government cannot avoid it, the Administration must face up to the situation and dispatch forces." This statement seems mild when compared to Zbignew Brezinski's recent assertion that "the US will never permit another Nicaragua, even if it must take the most reprehensible measures to prevent it." And then: "If all else fails we'll send in the Marines."

Just as the Pentagon felt that the fall of Vietnam would cause the fall of Burma and Thailand, the "Domino Theory" has now been applied to El Salvador, with Guatemala and Honduras seen as the next toppling dominoes.

The parallels between the beginnings of US involvement in Vietnam and the rising interventionism in El Salvador are extensive. Again, the majority of the public in the US is ignorant of the true political situation within the country and the role that their government plays there.

For the past two years most media in the US have portrayed the struggle in El Salvador as taking place between "left and right-wing extremists," with a liberal moderate government trying to keep the lid on violence. The real situation bears no resemblance to this portrayal.

The Revolutionary Democratic Front (FDR) is a broad coalition of over 150 political organizations, including teachers, unions, peasant associations, and even small business and professional groups. The FDR has over one million members who represent a sizeable majority of the Salvadorean people. Can these be the "left extremists" the US press refers to?

On the other hand, the Junta that is in power in El Salvador is anything but a collection of liberal-minded moderates. In El Salvador today the military continues a reign of terror in which massacre and the destruction of villages and towns is a daily occurrence. According to a study done by the legal aid office of the Archdiocese of San Salvador, 4,258 people were murdered by the Junta-backed forces for political reasons in El Salvador between January and August of 1980. Of these, 2,541 were peasants. Also included in this toll was the Archbishop of El Salvador, Oscar Romero, who was murdered for his vocal opposition to the Junta government.

Amnesty International cites cases of arbitrary imprisonment, summary execution of a massive scale, and more cases where "many were tortured and savagely mutilated—arms lopped off, flayings, beheadings."

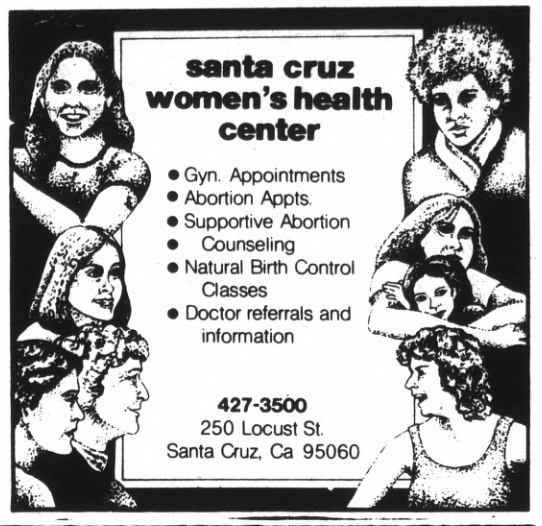
These are just the assassinations in the most narrow sense. Because over 60 percent of the land in El Salvador is owned by only 2 percent of the population, because only 16 percent of the employable work force has a job year-round, people can't afford to survive on the most basic level. The majority of Salvadoreans get less than 1900 of the 3500 calories a day neccessary to sustain health. In these conditions, what are deaths by starvation and illness if not political assassinations?

And yet the US continues to send advisors and money to El Salvador, despite the pleas of respected organizations and leaders throughout the world.

In a letter opposing military aid in El Salvador, 24 members of the US Congress, including Bay Area representatives Ron Dellums and Pete Stark, called US military aid in that country "immoral" and accused the Salvadorean Junta of brutality and repression of its own people.

Disregarding pleas and charges, in March the US House Subcommittee on Foreign Operations approved a $5.7 million military aid package to El Salvador. More aid is waiting on the agenda.

As Archbishop Romero said before his death: "When a dictatorship seriously attacks human rights and the commonwealth of the nation; when it becomes unbearable and all channels of dialogue, understanding and rationality are closed off: when this happens, the church speaks of the legitimate right to insurrectional violence." The Salvadorean people have accepted this right, and as their insurrectionalry forces grow, the chance of more direct US intervention grows also. It is our responsibility as North Americans to call for an immediate halt to military aid and all other forms of intervention in El Salvador.







EDITORIAL

What seemed a few months ago as almost too frightening to believe possible has happened—Ronald Reagan will be our next president. It's distressing to think that so many voters would support the slick cosmetic-candidacy of the former actor and his simplistic, reactionary rhetoric.

As if that isn't depressing enough, many influential liberal congressmembers lost their seats to New Right candidates and Republicans will control the senate.

It is hard not to succumb to feelings of powerlessness at times like these, to see no way of winning. This is true especially when viewed in the overall context of the resurgence of overt racism, the rise of fascist groups like the KKK and the militaristic frenzy the public—led by the establishment media—so easily lets themselves be whipped into.

But to write off this election as just another example of a general shift to the right would be a mistake—and an opportunity to learn some valuable lessons on the level of political development in the US would be lost.

For instance, we have seen with this election that the two-party system is a barrier to any notion of a just democracy. The only "alternative" candidate that was able to generate enough media interest to make victory a possiblility was little more than a conservative in liberal's clothing, pushed to the left by the strikingly similar conservative viewpoints of the two major party candidates. Although many voters expressed their displeasure in either of "the two evils," (it was the lowest voter turnout in 32 years) they saw no real alternative beyond symbolic protest votes or ended up supporting one of the major candidates for fear of the victory of the other.

We have seen how the voting public is too easily led like sheep by the major newspapers and corporate network TV media—institutions that base stories on images and not issues, allowing the politicians to continually ignore the real needs of working people.

Attacks on women's rights, cut-backs in social services, increases in defense spending and greater support for right-wing foreign governments must be opposed—a government acts only in ways in which the people allow. A Reagan Administration offers us the ability to sharpen the lines between the right and left, to arouse a public that has been dormant too long.

People realize the times are getting worse. The resurgence of the right-wing is a reaction to the feelings of powerlessness to control the institutions that affect our lives and workplaces, that the paycheck is being stretched thinner and thinner, and that work is becoming harder to find.

The right-wing offers distressed Americans simple solutions to complex problems—solutions that will clearly not work. It is crucial that we build a unified movement now in order to offer alternatiaves to Reagan supporters who may soon become disillusioned. When large numbers of the public—people that had before not bothered to work in progressive political movements—become interested enough in the future of the country to do something about it, change will come about.

We were fortunate to see the importance of local, grass-roots political work. With many hours of volunteer labor—including a registration drive that signed up some 10,000 people throughout the county to vote—we were able to defeat the money interests and gain a liberal majority on the board of supervisors. Progressive change begins in our back yard.

LETTERS

WHAT QUALITY?

Dear Editor:

In this letter I would like to discuss an incident that has become past, but which may have some portent for the future.

Last year College Five held its annual Playwriting Contest. Flyers were distributed advertising cash awards for first, second, and third place. There were to be seven judges, mostly from the Theatre Arts Board, with the one exception being George Hitchcock, lecturer from the Aesthetic Studies Board. Students from all over the University of California system responded and submitted one act plays to the contest. When the judge's self-imposed June sixth deadline passed, with the judges still in deliberation, campus entrants waited anxiously. We knew that with 37 plays submitted, the competition was going to be rough. One week later, the day before Spring quarter ended, the judges announced their decision. There was to be no winner because, "none of the 37 plays achieved the quality of which university students are capable."

Campus entrants were stunned. The action of the judges was unprecedented. These were the very professors who taught us, telling us our work was below "university quality." For seniors who had been receiving evaluations with words like "excellent" in regards to their work, the description of it as being below "university quality" was confusing. The immediate question to arise was, "What is university quality?", then, if 37 interested playwrights can't achieve it? I felt the need for some kind of explanation, so I went to see Jim Bierman, the head of the judging committee, and the man whose name appeared on the rejection note.

In my discussion with Jim Bierman I was dismayed to learn that the contest had been a hastily conducted affair. The judges tried a process of quick elimination that wound up eliminating all the plays. I came to doubt there was adequate consultation of the judges. Bierman also mentioned that there was "only one year left of funding" for the contest. The judges thought,"with a little more time," they could produce a "better" contest. I was even further frustrated when Bierman told me he had never "seen my play" and therefore could not actually tell me where it fell below "university quality." Bierman's flippant attitude, in the rejection note, and in my conversation with him, left me highly dissatisfied, and I told him so.

I resolved to write of my concern to the Dean of Humanities, Dean Moglen. I sent her a long letter, with copies to Chancellor Sinsheimer and the professors involved, expressing my complaint with the conduct of the Playwriting Contest. Also, I wanted to know what "University Quality" was, especially since it was used as an arbitrary measure in the contest, a measure which all 37 student playwrights (apparently) fell below.

Four long weeks later I received a short reply from Dean Moglen. She told me the judges had the "authority" to come to any decision they chose, although she admitted it was "strange" there was no winner. She promised to look into the matter and let me know what she found. I received no communications from the Professors involved, nor did I hear from the Chancellor.

I wrote Dean Moglen again, expressing my concern, and reminding her of my question, "What is University Quality?" Certainly if seven judges and a Dean could agree on it, it could be formulated into words for student use. I also let her know that I was disappointed that the "quality" of the judging that was really in question.

I never heard from Dean Moglen again. Three months have passed since my last letter. My opinion is that she chose to bury the Playwriting Contest, rather than deal with it. For this reason I question her ability to serve on a board for sexual harassment, or any other board, concerning itself with legitimate complaints.

Thank you,

Thank you,
Charles Putris

ATROCITIES

Dear Staff,

To Mike Rotkin:

Thought I'd give you a few non-capitalist atrocities to sink your teeth into. Don't work too hard!

1) The death of ? million in Stalin's rural resettlement programs.
2) The incarceration and death in Siberian camps of thousands of Russians (mostly intellectuals) collected from areas "liberated" from the Germans.
3) The subjugation of the people of Hungary and their violent repression in 1956.
4) Likewise Czechoslovakia 1968.
5) Military support by the USSR of fascist military dictators in the Arab world.
6) The oppression and persecution to this day of Soviet Jews.
7) Chemical warfare, village bombing, and otherwise wanton slaughter of the people of Afghanistan by the Stalinist "Red Army."
8) The cruel use of young prisoners and other "social misfits" by Castro to play political jokes on the US by dumping them on us.
9) Tit-for-tat military buildup on the part of the USSR concomitant with that by the US.
10) Support by the USSR of Ethiopian repression of Eritrea.
11) Support in the international forum by the USSR of the PLO, a band of murderers and fanatics used by the Arabs and the Soviets in their racist attempts to destroy Israel.
12) Occupation (following conquest) and oppression of Kirelia, Ukraine, Georgia, Azerbaijhan, Tadzhik, Kirghiz, Kazakh, Moldavia, Armenia, Turkomen, Latvia, Estonia, Lithuania, Uzbek, Mongolia, Poland, Rumania, Bulgaria, East Germany by the Russian Empire.
13) The repeated and consistent support for child-murder on the part of so-called "progressives" and Marxists on the Left in the US.

continued on pg. 23

PREVIEW

I don't know, what do you wanna ?



A Special Performance

This Monday and Tuesday, there will be a very exciting musical event happening in Santa Cruz. Clive Swansborne, an internationally award-winning English pianist, will be giving two special Santa Cruz area performances while en route to the First International Piano Competition in Tokyo. He is one of some 50 pianists chosen world-wide to compete in this event. Mr. Swansbourne has also been selected by Artists International to give his Carnegie recital debut in New York next May, and was the winner of the prestigious "Young Musicians '77" Awardd.

Swansbourne is to appear at both Cabrillo and UCSC. On Monday November 10, he will be performing at the Cowell Dining Hall, presenting a program of Bach's Goldberg Variations, Sonata in C. by Mozart, and three studies by Chopin, Lizst, and Scriabin. The performance begins at 8 pm.

On Tuesday, he will be at Cabrillo College Forum, playing compositions by Brahms, Beethoven, Prokofiev, and Bach. This show also begins at 8 pm. Tickets will be sold at the door: $3 general, $1.50 students and seniors. Cowell students will be admitted free to the Cowell performance.□

Mean Streets

Well, here we are down at the office, drinking slowly, getting nice. That's not the way to be in this column so I'm going to get mean and lay everything on the line. Just what does that mean? I'm selling my golf clubs, my suntan lotion, my convertible caddie—except for the longhorn hood ornament which I love dearly. My wife Minnie thinks I'm crazy but I'm moving out of Salt Lake City and heading for the coast. Once there I intend to gain enlightenmentby staring for 29 years at a wall. This would all become rather dull except my guru brings in a lot of movies and local bands. He believes in home entertainment so he tells me about a movie and I stare at the wall until I can see the movie in my head. He's a very holy man and besides, he saves a lot of money. Since he showed this week last week, I thought I'd give you folks a few pointers on what's up. He kicked it off with **NRBQ**, the New Rhythm and Blues Quarter. Normally it's $3.50 in advance and $4.50 at the Catalyst door on Thursday.

Also appearing on my wide screen is the **Postman Always Rings Twice** at Stevenson, $1.25 for non-students and $1.00 for the university kids. This is a fun story about murder, lust and so forth. They never showed it in Salt Lake. If they had, it wouldn't have mattered. Minnie prefers TV.

Friday really moves, **Etta James** is going to be at the Catalyst for $4.50 in advace and $5.50 at the door. My guru kept on slapping my back with a long stick. I thought he was one of those punkers, so in order to show me their reality we tuned into the **Four Cats** at Cowell. They're a nice bunch of boys I'm sure—the tennis shoes they wore reminded me of wrestling team in high school.

On Saturday I saw a show full of good times and new jolity. THere's going to be a Musical Revue at Cowell, full of all your old favorites at 8:00 and 10:00 for a mere dollar. One of my fellow disciples says it's not to be missed. However, if you did happen to miss it you can see **Son Seals** at the Catalyst. His blues made me think of Minnie back home in Salt Lake until I found out she's riding with a motorcycle gang. I'm so glad she keeps busy now that I'm away. Still, you can find him at the Catalyst for $3.50 in advance and $4.50 at the door.

On Sunday I dipped into the well of the university and found a young music student doing his senior recital at the Kuumbwa Jazz Center with **Mighty High**. It was a timeless experience, so timeless in fact that I can't tell you the time or price. Some experiences are worth too much.

Monday was great. My guru let me watch TV. I thought all evening about my tykes who are living with their grandmother in the Falkland Islands. We almost shipped them off to Iceland but they don't speak English there and how else could they watch **Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy.** Here's the spoiler: Bill Hayden is the Mole and Jim Prideaux kills him in revenge for the Czech fiasco. Also, Jim and Hayden were lovers. My guru really got pissed when I spilled the beans. He was going to make me join Minnie's motorcycle gang but I talked him into making me wear a hairshirt. Quick thinking, eh?

Wait a minute, hold the video. Those famous wrestlers, the **Four Cats** are appearing with **Joe Cuba and the Tokyo Negroes**. I like to see all the people of the world get together and wrestle in perfect harmony. I know you'll enjoy them, because in the words of our new president-to-be, they appear "before there was a race problem."

Wednesday is full of more startling events such as Live Jazz for free at the Oakes coffee shop. Great stuff but Laurence Welk makes me nostalgic and then I think of Son Seals and all my enlightenment goes down the drain. Fortunately Wimpy Mark Levy is at the Merrill Dining Hall. I love cartoons. The best hands I've seen in wrestling besides the all star boys and girls are **The Stranglers** at the Cocoanut Grove. They were wrestling in England—as big in the ring as the Sex Pistols. They got jailed in France for a few illegal holds, but they're back out on the streets and kicking again, ooops, that's an illegal move. No matter that. They appear with the zeros. Well, I got mean by getting nice. I'm getting closer to enlightenment every day. Still, Minnie, won't you ride your chopper home?□

—Akbar del Retardo

CALEN

6 Thursday

☐movies

Memory of Justice directed by Marcel Ophuls; on the International Tribunal at Nuremberg. This 4-1/2 hour documentary film will be shown inits entirety. 7:30 pm, Classroom 2/free.

The Postman Always Rings Twice/8 and 10:15 pm, Stevenson Dining Hall/Stev. students $1, others $1.25.

☐lectures

Hugo Bedau, Professor of Philosophy, Tufts University: "Why Punishment is Polymorphous and Perverse". 4 pm, Merrill Baobab Lounge/free.

Stevenson Socratic Supper: Informal dinner discussion ledd by Stev. Faculty, Ronnie Gruhn: "Election Wrap-Up: What Now?" 6 pm, Dining Hall/free.

Kresge College presents "Politics in the 80s" lecture series/Guests: Maureen Smith, Peace & Freedom Presidential candidate, and Bill Anderson, Libertarian Council for Montrerey Bay Area. 7:30 pm, Kresge Seminar Rm./Free (last of the series).

Inaugural lecture/P. Reyner Banham Professor of Art History: "Utopias Lighter Than Air: Aviation and the Constructivist Vision", 8 pm, Performing Arts Concert Hall/free.

Norman O. Brown, 1980-81 distinguished faculty lecture series "The Challenge of Islam" 8 pm, Oakes 105/Free. (Tapes of the lecture series will be available in the Learning Lab, Communications Bldg.)

Japanese Forum: "Rafting Riding Along the Teshio River in Japan." A slide presentation by Yuichi Shoda, 9 pm, Cowell, Prescott House, Japanese Language 1st floor lounge, free.

☐meeting

Women's Studies Collective, open to everyone/Come and meet people and discuss feminist issues/5 pm, Kresge 356.

☐miscellaneous

Fingerpicking guitar/Level II (beginning) emphasis on basic music theory as applied to the guitar and playing techniques, 7:30-9:30 pm, Crown 105/Instructor: Bradley Price/$30, 4 weeks/Sign up in advance in the P.E. Office.

Songwriting Workshop. The purpose of this course will be to encourage songwriters of all levels to expand their horizons in song writing. Class will focus on individual interests and skills, information on music, theory, and a look at contemporary songwriting. Instructor: Randy Masters 7:30-9:30 pm, Kerr Hall, Rm. 266/$30, 4 weeks/Sign up in advance in P.E. Office.

Kuumbwa Jazz Center



Friday, 11/7: Tricky Lofton Quartet featuring Paul Nagel, 9 PM, $3.50
Monday, 11/10: Les DeMerle and Transfusion featuring Charles Owens, 9 PM, $5.00
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☐meeting

Chicanos in Health Education, Informational meeting 5:30 pm, Oakes College Art Lounge.

☐miscellaneous

Dance to the music of "Four Cats" band; new, new wave 9 pm, Cowell Dining Hall/free.

Benefit for Wingspread Comprehensive Health Services for Women. Nov. 7th, 7:30 pm at Santa Cruz High School Auditorium (415 Walnut Ave.) Admission $3.50 at the door. Premier screening of the film "Women, Drugs, and Alcohol" followed by a performance by the Sonoma County Brown Bag Reader's Theatre. Reception immediately following at 1025 Center St. For childcare info. call 425-5525.

8 Saturday

☐movies

Harold and Maude/7 and 9:30 pm, Classroom 2/$2.

☐concert

Santa Cruz County Symphony, Kenneth Klein, Guest Conductor and candidate for Music Director of University Chamber Orchestra/ Jose-Ramos Santana, pianist/ Works by Dvorak, Ginastera, and Weber/8 pm, Resurrection Church, 7600 Soquel Drive, Aptos/$6 general, $4 students and senior citizens/Tickets at UCSC Box Office and door.

7 Friday

☐movies

McCabe And Mrs. Miller with Warren Beatty and Julie Christie. 7:30 and 10 pm, Kresge Town Hall/$1.

Diamonds Are Forever with Sean Connery as James Bond/7:30 and 10 pm, Classroom 2/$1.50.

☐lecture

Sharon Traweek, Stanford University (and History of Consciousness student): "The Social Construction of Time and Space in the Particle Physics Community". 6 pm, Merrill Baobab Rm./Free.

☐concert

Wendy Rogers Dance Company: Choreographics, Inc. 8 pm, College Five Dining Hall,free.

☐theater

"Not to be Mist"/Music and comedy! Class Acts! An evening of entertainment!/Repeat, not to be mist/8 and 10 pm, Cowell Fireside Lounge/$1.

☐miscellaneous

San Francisco shuttle/This popular shuttle will drop everyone off at world famous Fisherman's wharf/ From there you can cable car to anywhere in the city/$4.50, transportation/Sign up in advance at PE Office.

Western Regional Ultimate Frisbee Tournament/Sixteen teams from the Western United States competing in one of the newest and fastest action packed sports/10 am-5 pm, East Field House/Free (also Sunday).

Gay and Lesbian Alliance/An evening of merriment and danceable music; all welcome/9 pm, Kresge Town Hall/Free.

Disco dance (recorded music)/ Sponsored by EOP/SAA/9 pm, College Five Dining Hall/Free.

9 Sunday

☐concerts

Santa Cruz County Symphony/3 pm (see Nov. 8 listing).

Senior recital/It's Too Late to Stop Now/Mike Garvey, pianist, with local reggae band, Mighty High/8 pm, Kuumbwa Jazz Center, 320 Cedar St./Free.

☐miscellaneous

Deadline for filing second page of Art Major Petition, and work/Turn in to Art Board, D-201 College Five, 9 am-5 pm/Petitions available at board office.

Preview Day/A day for prospective students, their parents, and counselors to see what UC Santa Cruz has to offer them/9:30 am 4:30 pm.

University Christian Worship / Fellowship/Weekly sacramental worship is open to all Christians at the University/7 pm, Student Health Center.

Gymnastics Demo/Exhibition/This evening will provide a variety of information about gymnastics/ There will be an exhibition, a mini workshop along with free time to use the equipment including the



Powerhouse blues will be br
revelers by Etta James this Frid
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or at the door.

MOVIES ON

One of the interesting things about the nature of time is that I am in one time frame (as Nixon's lawyers used to say) and you, the reader (assuming that there are any readers) are in another. It's about 9:20 on a Tuesday evening while I'm writing this, and it's Thursday afternoon when you're reading this. It's Election Night now, and Reagan isn't elected yet. It's two days after the election where you're reading this, and Reagan is surely the president-elect. Politics have nothing to do with Movies on a Hill—but for those of you who help insure Reagan's victory by casting your vote for John Anderson, thanks. You not only foolishly squandered your vote on a political non-entity, a man so far beneath contempt that he dwarfs the difference between the Marianas Trench and Everest, but you made the inauguration of Reagan a sure thing. It is to you eternal political innocents that Movies on a Hill is dedicated.

Thursday night is a breeze. Max Ophul's documentary **Memories of Justice**, about the Nuremburg trials, plays at Classroom II at 7:30. The documentary is four and a half hours long, so bring cushions. Stevenson is playing a classic John Garfield film noir, **The Postman Always Rings Twice**. The Postman rings at 8:00 and 10:15, Stevenson. The admission is $1.25.

Friday, Robert Altman's **McCabe and Mrs. Miller** will be playing at Kresge for $1, and here's hoping it's a good print for once. Showtimes are 7:30 and 10:00. At Classroom II is Guy Hamilton's **Diamonds are Forever**, one of the better Bond films with swell Las Vegas photography. I might be there — I was nuts about James Bond a long goddam time before it was popular.

Saturday boasts Hal Ashby's **Harold and Maude** at 7:00 and 9:30, Classroom II. Apparently, some of the youngsters haven't seen this one yet—it's a two dollar penalty for those

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ENDAR



se blues will be brought to jubilant Etta James this Friday at the Catalyst. reme, James has tackled the songs of se songwriters as Muddy Waters, Kris on and Alice Cooper. Friday promises aried and exciting show. The Toons will ening act. Tickets available in advance oor.

trampoline/Drop in, this evening promises to whet your appetite for gymnastics/7:30-9:30 pm, West Field House Gymnasium/Free.

10 Monday

☐concert

Clive Swansbourne, internationally award-winning English pianist en route to first World piano competition in Tokyo this November will be making a special appearance at Cowell College, 8 pm in the dining hall in a performance of works by Bach, Mozart, Chopin, Scriabin, and Liszt/$3 general, $1.50 students and senior citizens, Cowell free.

☐lectures

Crown-Merrill Social & Natural Science Table/William Burke, Astrophysics: "Geometry and Physics"/5:30 pm, Crown Dining Hall A/Student discount meal tickets available at Crown Office (see Peggy).

Ray Collett, director, UCSC Arboretum; Brett Hall, manager, UCSC Arboretum will give a joint presentation on "Plant Collecting in the South Pacific"/7:30 pm, Thimann Lecture Hall I/Free.

Sister Sandra Price, an activist nun from San Jose, recently imprisoned and released by the Salvadorean junta, will speak and present slides of her experiences in El Salvador/ Music by a Chilean conjunto playing Latin American New Song/7:30 pm, Classroom I/Free.

GALA presents "Gay Men Coming Out"/a talk by Jerry Solomon, a leading psychologist/All welcome/ 7:30 pm, Stevenson Fireside Lounge/Free.

☐miscellaneous

Exhibit—"To Wrap: the Package Interpreted"/An exhibition on the genius of Japanese packaging/2-5 pm, Mon-Fri; 2-8 pm, Sat & Sun; Hall Gallery, College Five (thru Nov. 23)/Free.

Israeli folk dancing/8 pm, East Field House Dance Studio/Free.

11 Tuesday

☐movies

The Double Day and **Lucia (part III)**/7 and 10 pm, Oakes 105/Free.

Memory of Justice/The first half of this 4-1/2 hour documentary film will be shown/7:30 pm, Stevenson Dining Hall/Free.

Sherlock Junior directed by and starring Buster Keaton/**Je t'aime, je t'aime,** directed by Alain Resnais/ 7:30 pm, Classroom 2/$1.50.

A program of short films on **Bali** (last of the Southeast Asian film series)/8 pm, Classroom I/Free.

☐lectures

Helen Nelson, qualified Transcendental Meditation teacher: "Scientific Research, the TM and TM-Sidhi Programs, and the Development of Full Human Potential"/12 noon, Cowell Conference Rm./Free/(Also at 8 pm in Stevenson 160).

Andre Gunder-Frank, University of East Anglia in Norwich England; Professor of Sociology, and a visiting professor at the New School for Social Research: "Recurrent Crises in the World Economy"/1 pm, Merrill Baobab Lounge/Free.

Whole Earth Seminar/Dr. Richard J. Janda, USGS, Menlo Park: "Effect of Mt. St. Helens' Eruptions on the Fluvial Systems of SW Washington"/4 pm, Applied Sciences, Rm. 165/Free.

Japanese Forum: "Coffeehouse Culture in Japan"/A talk by David Sprague/7 pm, Cowell, Prescott House, Japanese Language 1st floor lounge/Free.

Meron Gordon of the Israeli Consulate will be speaking on "Zionism Today" (with discussion)/ 7 pm, Kresge 327/Free/Sponsored by TELEM, Movement for Zionist Fulfillment.

☐meeting

The Graduate Feminist Caucus/A cross-disciplinary group of feminist graduate students who are establishing a network of support and exchange for our theoretical and political work (meeting weekly)/12 noon, Kresge 356.

☐miscellaneous

Raquetball Clinic/This clinic is designed for persons new at the game/ Emphasis will be on skills, stroke mechanics, rules and strategy/7-9 pm, E. Racquetball Courts/Free/ Sign up in advance by calling x2806.

Koinonia: Prayer, fellowship, Bible study/7:30 pm, Health Center Library.

12 Wednesday

☐movies

Memory of Justice/The second half of this 4-1/2 hour documentary film will be shown/7:30 pm, Stevenson Dining Hall/Free.

The Stranger directed by Luchino Visconti/7:30 and 9:30 pm, Kresge Town Hall/$1.

Misunderstanding China (a documentary)/7:30 pm, Merrill Dining Hall/Free.

The Blues: Face to Face and **Mance Lipscomb: A Well Spent Life**/A slide show on the Blues tradition; and a Les Blank film on the Black songster, Mance Lipscomb/ 7:30 pm, Merrill 102/Free.

A frogram of six American avant-garde films/7:30 pm, Classroom 2/ Free.

La Consigna and **Hijas de Sandino**/Documentary footage showing developments since the Nicaraguan revolution/7:30 pm, Classroom I/Free.

☐lectures

J. Robert Lilly, Associate Professor of Sociology, Nothern Kentucky University: "A Critical Analysis of the Changing Concept of Legal Responsibility"/11:30 am, Stevenson Conference Rm./Free.

Carol Adams from UCSC's Board of Economics will be the guest speaker at the brown bag lunch/The topic of her talk will be an overall discussion of the field of economics/ 12 noon, Women's Re-Entry Lounge, Classroom I Rm. 101/All are welcome.

Astronomy-Astrophysics Colloquia/ Dr. W. Liller, Center for Astrophysics: "Optical Observation and Factory Work: The View From Inside"/4 pm, Stevenson Fireside Lounge/Free.

Phil Ehrlich, Visiting Professor of Philosophy, UCSC: "Zeno's Paradox of Extension" (with discussion)/4 pm, Kresge Seminar Rm., above dance studio/Free.

Bill Mandel: "Soviet Union at Home and Abroad"/7 pm, Thimann Lecture Hall I/Free.

Marine Studies seminar/Dr. Mia Tegnor, Sea Grant, Scripps Institute of Oceanography: "Sea Urchin Biology and Ecology"/4 pm, Applied Sciences, Rm. 368/Free.

☐meeting

Gay and Lesbian Alliance (GALA)/ Coe to the core group to plan events/ 7:30 pm, Kresge 356/Everyone welcome.

☐miscellaneous

Merrill College Night/Mark Levy, singer/songwriter; songs for the 80s/ 6:15 pm, Dining Hall/Free.

Change of Program of Study: Last day to DROP a course with a $3 fee/Registrar's Office.

rest of wednesday

Reducing Stress Through Movement/This free workshop will focus on posture, breath, balance, and the integration of the three/7-10 pm, Martial Arts Rm./Sign up in advance by calling x2806.

Live Music/Ethnic Roots Jazz Workshop/7:30 pm, Oakes Coffee Shop (every Wednesday)/Free.

VIES ON A HILL

e of time is that ed to say) and readers) are in ning while I'm you're reading n't elected yet. ading this, and nave nothing to you who help vote for John uandered your neath contempt arianas Trench f Reagan a sure at Movies on a

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Irs. Miller will it's a good print Classroom II is ne of the better hy. I might be g goddam time

Maude at 7:00 f the youngsters enalty for those who haven't seen it.

Sunday is nothing. Go home. You can watch the last episode of **Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy.** I may have to live under President Bonzo, but at least I know who the Mole is. For those of you who voted Anderson, today might be a good day to eat paste, or go for a long walk on a short pier.

Monday features none—count 'em, none—movies on campus. The best bet is to go to the Art Center and catch the debu of **The Four Cats** (good group, dumb name) and my personal faves, **Joe Cuba and the Tokyo Negroes.** The show is to be missed only by Anderson reporters, who should spend the day washing a plugged-in toaster with the rest of the dishes.

Tuesday is **The Double Day** and **Lucia (part III).** No press release, no guesses, but I suppose they're Cuban films At Oakes (free), 7:00 and 10:30. The Mindscreen series will be featuring Alain Renais' **Je t'aime, Je t'aime.** I missed it at the '78 Filmex in Los Angeles and I've been kicking myself ever since. They say that it concerns time travel, and if I could go back just a few days, I'd be pretty happy, you bet. Also showing is Buster Keaton's **Sherlock, Jr.** Classroom 2, $1.50, 7:30. The Southeast Asian Film Fest will end with a series of Margaret Mead films on Bali. Classroom 1 at 8:00.

Wednesday is another Les Blanc film, the last in a series: **Mance Lipscomb: A Well Spent Life.** Also featured is a slide show on the Blues. At 7:30, 102 Merrill. The American Avant-Garde festival will be playing at Classroom II at 7:30. A free documentary, **Misunderstanding China,** will play at 7:30, Merrill Dining Hall. Visconti's film version of **The Stranger** will be playing at Kresge, 7:30 and 9:30. Admission is $1.00.

Anyone need a ride to Canada?☐

—Regis W. Goatlips


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ANNOUNCEMENTS

THE TASK FORCE FOR INSTRUCTIONAL IMPROVEMENT is pleased to announce the Winter Quarter 1980-81 STUDENT ORIGINATED LEARNING GRANTS PROGRAM. This progam provides support for the creation of innovative programs designed by students to meet their own and their fellow students' needs—needs of which the faculty and administration are either unaware of or to which they have assigned a low priority in the past. The program was established in 1977 and since that time has provided support for approximately 120 projects. Funding is available in support of materials and supplies, travel, and other appropriate project expenses. Funds may not be used to pay salaries, support independent or group research, individual's senior thesis. or field studies. Applications will be available at the College Offices. Completed forms must be submitted to Marilyn Cantlay, Social Sciences Division, Merrill College Room 37 by November 13, 1980 for Winter Quarter 1980-81 implementation.

EOP/SAA TUTORS ARE AVAILABLE in all areas of the natural sciences, social sciences, and humanities for students in the program. Please call 2296 or visit 257 Central Services to request tutorial assistance. Drop-in tutoring is available at the Oakes Science Center on Saturday and Sunday, from 1-5 pm in mathematics, biology, and chemistry. No appointment is necessary. The service is free to EOP/SAA students, so take advantage of available tutorial resources.

EOP/SAA STUDENTS INTERESTED IN WORKSHOPS for the GRE and MCAT should call Patricia Alley at X2296 to sign up. We are planning to hold review sessions in mathematics, biology, chemistry, physics, and verbal skills (i.e., correct grammatical usage, analogies, vocabulary) in preparation for the examinations.

WOMEN'S STUDIES WELCOMES (Faculty students) to a fabulous potluck dinner. If anyone is interested in women's studies, this is a great opportunity. Please bring food or refreshments. Sunday, November 16, 5 pm at YMCA, Walnut and Chestnut (childcare provided).

TRUMAN SCHOLARSHIP AWARD: November 13. 1980 has been set as the campus deadline for receipt of applications for the Harry S. Truman Scholarship Award. The Truman Scholarship provides a $5,000 annual scholarship for a maximum of four years to persons preparing for a career in public service. UCSC is allowed to nominate two students. There will be a campus selection process requiring submission of a statement of interest in a career in government and an essay discussing some public policy issue of the student's choice. Contact Marilyn Cantlay, X4193, Merrill College, Room 37 for application details.

WOMEN'S RE-ENTRY PROGRAM: Dr. Gail Shorenstein, Santa Cruz internist, will be presenting a free slide show/lecture on women's health and the maturing process, and factors of medicine and health care related to these issues. Thursday, November 13 at 1:30 pm in the Women's Re-Entry Lounge, Classroom I, Room 101.

WORK-STUDY STUDENTS: Please notify Student Employment immediately about your decision to use or hold your work-study awards. Call 429-4024. This information is vital, so do it soon!

EMPLOYERS REMEMBER Student Employment has students for hire, as well as cooks, computer programers, typists and more! Don't be caught without enough help! Call 429-4024 now.

INTERNSHIP AT AMERICAN METAL MARKET/METAL WORKING NEWS in New York City during the summer of 1981. Responsibilities include handling assignments and reporting for the publication on a daily basis. Pay is $200 per week. Deadline is 1/30/81. For more information call Stephanie at 429-2368 or stop by Co-op Ed.

SABRE FOUNDATION GRANT: The Sabre Foundation Journalism Fund seeks to improve the coverage given to operations of government. It provides grants for investigative reporting of the public sector, with an emphasis on evaluating governmental actions upon civil liberties and economic freedoms. The Sabre Foundation solicits applications for its grants from journalists who have recently begun writing on a full or part-time basis. Chosen applicants receive an expense advance of $500 or less at the outset of research. A stipend of $1000 is paid to the author (in addition to original research expense advance) upon publication of the article in one of the participating journals. To affiliate with the program, a periodical must have fewer than 100,000 subscribers, and offer an internship program to any of the Sabre Fund grantees who desire it. Deadline: 1/26/81. Call Stephanie at Co-op Ed for more information—429-2368.

RECRUITERS COMING ON CAMPUS:
11/6 - Tufts University, School of Law & Diplomacy
11/6 - Citizens Action League
11/7 - Four Phase, Inc. (IS)*
11/10 - ESL, Inc. (IS)*
11/11 - Palmer Chiropractic College
11/11 NCR (IS)*
11/12 - Burroughs Corp. (IS)*
11/12 - Harvard Law School
11/12 - Pan American World Airways
11/13 - McDonald's Corp. (Mgmt. Training)
11/14 - TRW Systems & Engineering (IS)*
11/14 - Arizona University -Systems & Ind. Eng.
11/14 - Atkinson Graduate School of Administration
Willamette Law School
* Formal interviews requiring a resume. Please call Diane Matus at X2183 if you are interested in any of the above recruiters.

EVER THOUGHT ABOUT COMMUNITY ORGANIZING? Learn about the functions of a community organizer, working in an 'Action Team' area helping to build neighborhood organizations of low and moderate income people. Talk to the Citizens Action League, coming on campus Nov. 6. The League has offices in S.F., L.A. and Oakland. Call Diane Matus at X2183 to make arrangements for interview.

TALKING ABOUT GOING INTO BUSINESS IN SANTA CRUZ? Talk about it with UCSC Alumni entrepreneurs of books, bagels, backpacks, business equipment and basics. Discuss the pleasures and pitfalls of the capitalist (or cooperative) road. Plan to come to the Cowell Conference Room, Wednesday, Nov. 12 at 7 pm. Refreshments. Call Career Planning at X2183 to sign up in advance.

PACIFIC PRE-LAW CONFERENCE COMING NEXT WEEK: The annual Pacific Pre-Law Conference has been set for Thursday, Nov. 13, at Stanford University. This is a very informal setting for pre-law students and admissions officers of about 50 law schools. The officers will provide admissions advice, statistical information, and distribute catalogs and brochures, and, of course, answer questions. This year most of the ABA-approved law schools from California, as well as large schools from the East are expected. A van is available for pre-law students going to the conference, leaving from the Whole Earth parking lot between 8:45 & 9:00 am Thursday morning and leaving Stanford at 3:00 pm. Seating is limited to eight students, so please call Linda in Career Planning & Placement, X2183, to sign up soon.

STUDENTS UNITED AGAINST THE DRAFT: Statewide conference at UC, Berkeley on November 8 & 9, 1980. The Students United Against the Draft (SUAD) is a statewide organization of campus groups that grew out of this movement. SUAD is sponsoring a statewide STUDENT ANTI-DRAFT CONFERENCE where activists and movement supporters will get together to share organizing experiences and build up local Anti-Draft groups. The conference will consist of speakers and workshops on Saturday and a SUAD Plenery Session on Sunday. The scheduled Keynote Speakers are: RON KOVIC, A Vietnam War Veteran, Anti-War Activist and author of *Born on the 4th of July*; a representative of the WEST COAST ASIAN PACIFIC STUDENT UNION, Erich Nakamo, speaking on Third World People and the Draft; and a SUAD statement. Saturday night there will be an ANTI-DRAFT CABARET AND TALENT SHOW; an evening of people's culture and a benefit for SUAD. On Sunday the Plenery Session will discuss campus activities, proposals for Actions against Registration in January, and other future plans for the statewide campus ANTI-DRAFT MOVEMENT. For more information on the November Conference or SUAD, contact Emily Adelman at UCSC, 429-6707.

WOMEN OPPOSED TO NUCLEAR TECHNOLOGY (WONT) will sponsor two upcoming events: The first is a vigil commemorating Karen Silkwood. This vigil will begin at 7:45 pm, November 13, in Room 2 of the Louden Nelson Center. Included will be a film by Dr. Helen Caldicott and a candlelight procession to the ocean. Bring a candle and a jar. The second event will be a benefit with readings by Ellen Bass and Ray Gwynn Smith, and music by Pat Smith. This will be held at the YWCA, 303 Walnut, S.C., and begins at 8:00 pm. All proceeds go to Women Opposed to Nuclear Technology. All women welcome to both events. For childcare info call Lise at 425-7180.

ATTENTION CONSCIENTOUS OBJECTORS: If you would like your name to appear under a statement of conscientous objection in the next issue of Leviathan, put your name in our box at the campus activities office. Call Richard at 335-2254 for more information.

CABRILLO SPEAKERS AT LIVE OAK SENIORS CENTER: Three Cabrillo staff members will appear in November at the Live Oak Senior Center in a Tuesday afternoon speakers series beginning Nov. 4. Caroline Coffey, Cabrillo sociology instructor, will talk on "Creating New Meanings in Mid-Life" on November 4 at 2:00 pm. On November 18 at 2:45 pm, Gene Wright will present a slide show on "Countries of Southeast Asia," based upon his summer's travels to this region. Closing out the mini-series on November 25 will be Louise Doxtator's presentation on "Alaska." Her talk will begin at 2:45 pm. For further information call Anne Singer at 475-7177 weekdays from noon to 5:00 pm. The Center is located at 17th Ave. and Capitola Road.

CABRILLO STORYTELLER'S SYMPOSIUM will be held Saturday and Sunday, November 8 and 9, in the Cabrillo Forum. The Symposium offers the chance for storytellers and would-be-storytellers to work with the leading participants in the current storytelling renaissance that is sweeping the country. Presenters include Austen Warburten, Will Perry, Robert E. Rubenstein, Ruthmarie Sheehan, Robin Willamson, and Pleasant deSpain. Fee for the 2-day workshop is $25, which includes lunch and admission to an evening performance on Saturday night. One-half unit of college credit is available. For further information and to register, call Cabrillo Community Education at 425-6331 or 688-6466.

CABRILLO YUCATAN INTERSESSION TRIP: The first of two information meetings about a January 8 - 22 trip to the Yucatan peninsula will be held Wednesday, November 12, at 7:00 pm in Room 617 at Cabrillo College. A second meeting is planned for Monday, December 1. Open to members of the community as well as enrolled students, this natural history field trip will be led by Dr. Fred Schuierer of the Cabrillo biology department. Trip fee of $990 per person includes all food costs, admission fees, transportation, camping fees and hotel rooms. Participant need only bring sleeping bag and personal items as camping supplies are furnished. For further information call 425-6286.

INTERNSHIP WITH McCALLS (summer, 1981) offered for seniors graduating in June. Some secretarial work and some editorial. Secretarial work involves typing letters and some manuscript/articles. Write short pieces for travel or Going Places column and Your Money column; short features for the Right Now section; articles and short stories and evaluate book manuscripts. Pay: $165 per week. Deadline: January 15, 1981. Call for appointment or drop by to see Stephanie, 429-2368.

NEWLY-FORMED UCSC ENVIRONMENTAL DESIGN GROUP PRESENTS A Whitman Sampler of California Architecture by Hal Levin on Thursday, November 13 at Kerr Hall, Room 283 at 7:30 pm. This is the first of a series of architecture-related lectures being presented by this group.

PIANO CONCERT by Clive Swansbourne, international award-winning English pianist, will be performed on Monday, November 10 at 8:00 pm in the Cowell Dining Hall. Swansbourne will make this special appearance en route to the First International Piano Competition in Tokyo. He will be making his Carnegie recital debut in New York City next May, was the winner of "Young Musicians '77" Award, and is a veteran of concerts in Britain and on the East Coast. He will perform works by Bach, Mozart, Chopin, Scriabin, and Liszt. Admission is $3.00 general, $1.50 students and seniors, Cowell students free.

LATIN-AMERICAN music, with bilingual news and commentaries. Every Saturday from 1:00 to 3:00 pm. KUSP Radio, 89 FM.

DEATH-ROW PRISONER: Caucasian male, age 34, desires correspondence with either male or female college students. Wants to form some friendly-type relationship and more or less just exchange past experiences and ideas. Will answer all letters and exchange pictures. If interested, write to: Jim Jeffers, Box B-38604, Florence, Arizona, 85232.

UCSC ARBORETUM EXPEDITION TO THE SOUTH PACIFIC will be described to the public on Monday, November 10 at 7:30 pm in Thimann Lecture Hall No. 1. This will be a joint lecture by Professor Ray Collett, Director of the Arboretum and Brett Hall, Manager of the Arboretum. Both Collett and Hall spent six weeks in the South Pacific this past summer. Their lecture, "The South Pacific, Source of Rare Plants," will be illustrated.

MUSIC AT THE LIBRARY: Music by Ravel, Schubert and Bach will be performed by Donatienne Dougherty, Stephen Pollard, Rachel Rudich and Susan Wagner on Monday, November 10 at 7:00 pm in the Art and Music Department of Central Library, 224 Church St., S.C. Admission is free.

TO ALL LATIN AMERICAN STUDIES STUDENTS: L.A.S. has a new secretary! Her name is Wendy Fassett and she is located in a nook at the end of the hall (soon to be Office 121) on the third level of the Merrill Academic Bldg. She can provide you with general program information, faculty schedules, course listings, and a myriad of forms and brochures. Office hours are : M-W-F from 8:00 am to 12:00 noon and T-Th from 1:00 pm to 5:00 pm. No phone yet. Drop by and get acquainted.

SIERRA CLUB CALENDAR FOR WEEKEND of November 1 & 2 .Santa Cruz Regional Group—Sun., November 2nd, hike Saratoga Gap to Highway 9. Leader: Virginia Dragavon, 426-4186. Meet at County Government Center at 9:00 am. Bring lunch and water. Wear hiking boots; hike is seven moderate downhill miles. Transportation by carpool (share expenses.) After hike: dinner at Tyrolean Inn, Ben Lomond.

SANTA CRUZ WOMEN AGAINST RAPE is currently seeking new members to participate fully in our collective. Women who are interested will be trained in rape crisis counseling and other aspects of our work related to alternatives to the criminal justice system, self defense and public speaking. Students interested in doing a field study or internship work with us next quarter should contact us now to set it up. All interested women can call 426-RAPE any day between 1:00 and 8:00 pm.

CSC SCUBA CLUB: Diving event and free party. Sunday, November 9th, 7 am to 4 pm. Meet at the CSC Pool. Cost: $5.00. We will make two beach dives along the Carmel Coast, followed by a beach BBQ party, with your favorite refreshments. For more information call Don, 462-1987.

LETTERS

14) The deteriorating quality of college newspaper articles as more and more writers are befuddled with misconceptions of social science masquerading as radical politics.
15) The fact that Marxists tend to act a lot like Nazis except for the colors of their shirts and flags.

Here's hoping you can find some better use of analyses of capitalist ills than as props for a ridiculous political pseudo-religion.

Horace LeCornu

WE'RE HUNGRY

Dear Staff,

I would like to clear up some inaccuracies about the Hunger Project which appeared in Bruce Leshan's article about Dick Gregory in your last issue.

To begin with, it is *not* "Werner Erhard's Hunger Project" in the sense that is implied in your article. The Hunger Project is not now, nor has it ever been, a part or function of *est*. It has always been a separate organization with a separate administration and financial base. The Hunger Project was founded three years ago by a group of people, among whom were Buckminster Fuller, John Denver, Roy Prostum, Dick Gregory—and Werner Erhard. Each of the founders had discovered—or had the idea—that it was really possible to end starvation on this planet before the end of this century. So they met together to discover what was being done and what was needed to be done for starvation to end. From that meeting The Hunger Project was created.

The Hunger Project is *not* "dedicated to the principle that...belief will end world hunger." It is dedicated to creating the condition which is necessary in the world for hunger to end, and to have it end by the year 1997. It is working toward this end by educating and communicating the truth about starvation. Part of that truth is that hunger is not inevitable, and everything we need to end it is here now, *except the unified will to have it end.* 50, even 30 years ago, we were not so powerful, but now we have the power if that's what we choose to do. The time to do it has truly come. Great idea, huh? Now here's the bad news—nobody else is going to do it, it's up to you and me.

Thank you,
Paul Stover
Santa Cruz Hunger Project
Committee Member

PEN PALS

Dear Staff:

I am an inmate at San Quentin State Prison and I realize that this is a strange and unusual request, but I am hoping that you would view me as another human being instead of just another enslaved prisoner. My request is that somewhere in your school paper or bulletin board, you could place my name and number for the purposes of friendship, correspondence, and understanding. Being in prison is a very lonely experience and exchanging letters with someone in the free society, somewhat makes things more tolerable. I hope this request isn't asking to much. Thank You!

Richard Johnson
P.O. Box B-60372
San Quentin, Ca. 94974

PROFITS OVER PEOPLE

An open letter to the employees of Harbor Hills,

We are all aware of the frustrations of working with 80 plus psychiatric patients in an environment:
1) that totally lacks any form of rehabilitation,
2) that encourages insanity,
3) is overcrowded and understaffed,
4) is filthy and unhealthy,
5) and is run by owners that are negligent, dishonest and unfair. In addition to subsistence pay, these factors have caused a huge turnover of high quality experienced staff. It is apparent to all that frustration hovers at an unsafe level. There exists no doubt that the aforementioned working conditions have seriously affected patient care, truly a shame considering the tremendous potential of the staff, depressing when you care.

This letter (long overdue) was prompted by several recent events of blatant ownership negligence of patient care and outright thievery of staff money. The latest incident in my personal copious history of problems with the owners is the refusal to pay me money owed from three and four paychecks ago (a time span of two months!).Similar situations are routine for many Harbor Hill employees. The payroll bookkeeper even had the gall to tell me when one of initial overtime complaints were filed, that they didn't pay overtime at their other facility (deceit?).

Two of my fellow employees walk around half-blind because the corporation unjustly and in defiance of Workman's Compensation laws, refuses to replace glasses that had been damaged in the working environment. The affect of this situation on their morale (one has already given his notice), and on their personal lives are considerable, especially when one considers the adverse effects of straining the eyes. One of these people has been without glasses for over six months!

I felt that it was important to stand up for my rights, and for the rights of the people I work with and the people I work for (and I do not mean the owners). Grafitti on one bathroom wall despairingly complains "People before Profits." Making profits from people that are defined by law as unable to meet their own needs is immoral to me, when as a policy profits come first. (That's right Adele, the patients enjoyed that time when they went about a full week without any shaving utensils at all, because your money-hungry cronies wanted to save a buck or two.) And the vultures continue to feed on the prey. The implications of a profit-making organization involved in mental health, where a dollar less for the patients means a dollar more for the corporation is something to think about.

I am tired of empty promises and I am tired of being cheated. I recieved enough hot air from 12 months of El Dorado ownership to believe nothing until I see it happen. But through this sirocco of inanities I have learned to have faith in my co-workers because this team of people is incredible, every one of them. Perhaps that fact, of working with a professional group of dedicated people, makes the disparity between hopes and reality difficult at Harbor Hills.

Let us keep trying to promote positive change through pressure. As on the floor, we need to work as a team. I appreciate any support I receive for these thoughts.

Allan Silberstang
425-5131

HAVING A PARTY?

Come in and get to know Don, Steve & the friendly crew at U-Save Liquors.

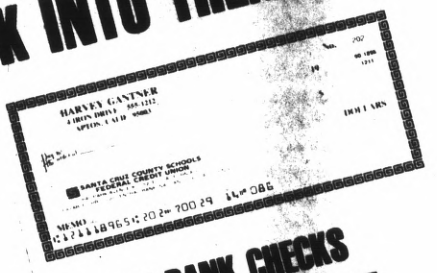
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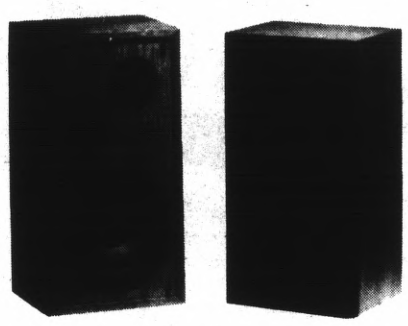
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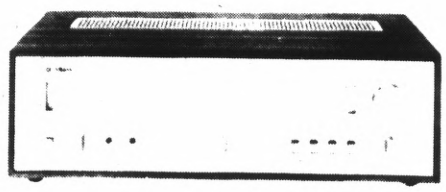
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The myth of the evangelical monolith

by Vicki Monks

EDITOR'S NOTE: There is no question that religion has recently galvanized millions of Americans into political action. But it is not so evident that the socalled "Christian right" is really the monolithic bloc it is often assumed to be. Increasing evidence suggests it is neither left nor right, just religious. Vicki Monks, a Bay Area journalist who recently completed a professional fellowship at Stanford, talked with numerous evangelicals and other experts in an effort to shed some light on this important phenomenon.

The loud pre-election hoopla over the spectre of a politicized new "Christian right" taking over Washington will die hard.

Even if it has not materialized, the idea is too attractive to too many people to just fade away: 30 to 60 million Born Again Christians, thinking with a single mind and intent on imposing an ultra-conservative program on America.

For the advocates of such a movement, the myth is more important than the reality. For the detractors, the spectre will remain a useful object of fear. Few will profit from the realization that the "evangelical bloc" is fraught with fractures.

Consider Larry Jones. Here is a bellowing, Bible thumping Born Again preacher if there ever was one. An Oklahoma evangelist, he opens his Sunday morning sermon on the Christian Broadcasting Network with a tirade against the evils of the ERA, asserting the amendment has a rider which would give homosexuals equal rights and allow them to teach in the public schools.

But then he goes on to other issues: "Rich Christians are literally raping Third World countries," he declares. "They go into poor countries and pay workers a dollar a day just because they can get away with it, and that's wrong. There's got to be some more equal distribution."

On foreign policy: "Our foreign policy depends on how much American money is invested in a country and not on any humanitarian or Christian principles. All the aid does is buy off the rights to invest in a country. It's a business deal. It's not Christian."

On domestic morality: "This country is spending $35 million a year on advertising to say that Jesus was wrong. They're telling you what kind of this or that you've got to have. Every day 14,000 people starve to death. I don't have to have Calvin Klein blue jeans so everybody can look at the label and say 'hey, he's cool.' I can spend $15 on a pair of jeans and send the other $15 to help feed a hungry child."

On the environment Jones opposes strip mining because, he says, Christians must serve as "stewards" to protect God's creations.

Or consider this 39-year-old mother of three children, a former school bus driver and bakery manager in Chappaqua, New York, who now devotes her working life to fulfilling her "mission" as a "born again, charismatic, evangelical Christian." Her name is Lorraine Wolfson.

"This business of mixing politics and religion is very dangerous. It almost reminds me of what happened in Nazi Germany. I don't like being lumped as a Charismatic politically with this group trying to tell people how to vote. I think a lot of people feel the same way.

"The press has got it mixed up. They haven't taken the time to talk to ordinary evangelicals and see how many ones have different opinions.

"Christianity is an individual thing with each person. No two people have the same experience with it. Each has their own and each ministers in his own way.

"I think it's important to vote—I believe all that—but I cast my vote and see who wins and I don't care about it after that. I don't think much about who's in Washington, and I'm too busy doing my ministry."

Wolfson and Jones are just two evangelicals out of many who have tried in vain to shatter the image of an enormous "Christian right" that is monolithic in its thinking, passive in its acceptance of a few self-proclaimed spokesmen, and threatening in both its size and unanimity.



Iowa evangelist Harold Hughes, the former governor and US senator, is among them. "To say you've got to believe this or that in the political arena or you are not a Christian is absolute blasphemy," he declares. "There are strong evangelicals across the nation who are totally opposed to what the New Right is doing."

Indeed, Hughes believes that most of the stellar lights of the New Right have strayed far from Jesus' teachings on the issues of peace and concern for the poor.

Even evangelist Billy Graham is now preaching against the "insanity and madness" of the arms race, and calling upon the faithful to actively oppose all nuclear arms. That is hardly the message issuing from TV evangelist Jerry Falwell's much celebrated Moral Majority organization, which calls for a massive buildup of arms.

But then, the Falwell message doesn't square well with that of the powerful, evangelical Southern Baptist Convention. either. It recently passed a resolution urging curbs on the nuclear arms race and a shift of funds from weapons to basic human needs.

Other evangelicals have organized political action groups to fight for human and civil rights, an end to world hunger, assistance for the poor, controls on pollution and other measures they believe are consistent with the teachings of Christ.

And many evangelicals are simply going about their political and religious work with no attention to the machinations in Washington. Tom Hess, director of the Maryland-based Christian Restoration Ministries, an active charismatic movement, says he probably won't vote for anyone because "no candidate represents what Jesus stood for," even though all three presidential contenders are self-avowed Born Again Christians.

"A lot of Christians see no hope in the political system at all," Hess contends. "Their only hope is in the Kingdom of God."

The evident diversity in the ranks of this Christian army is borne out by the pollsters who have studied them.

Nationally, the Gallup Poll concluded that nearly one fifth of the US population (about 30 million) may be described as "evangelicals," meaning that they have had a "born again" experience, they evangelize others and they believe in a literal interpretation of the Bible. But apart from those similarities, Gallup found few signs of political unanimity.

"Evangelicals are by no means monolithic in their views, as indicated by their opinions on nine voter issues," he wrote. Indeed, 54 percent favored "government social programs as a way to deal with social problems," while 53 percent supported the ERA. Only 41 percent favored a ban on all abortions, meaning the majority would approve at least some types of abortion.

California pollster Mervin Field found that nearly one quarter of all Californians call themselves Born Again Christians. But while half of them favored Ronald Reagan, a majority disagreed with Reagan's opposition to the ERA. And, they divided almost equally on a consitutional amendment banning abortions.

Field asserts that the size and uniformity of the "New Christian Right" is "grossly overstated." "I think a lot of people who are simply deeply religious—and some who are not—are getting classified as people in this movement," he said.

As for the monolithic nature of the movement, Field contends it "flies in the face of existing data which shows that this movement is made up of a lot of segments or factions, which have a common base perhaps in deep or fervent religiousity, but which, in a number of other ways, are highly disparate."

Field also believes that evangelicals probably "represent a high proportion of the nonvoting public. For them, organized political activity is an unnatural act," he said.

The notion of millions of evangelical voters following a few self-proclaimed leaders, like Jerry Falwell, is also off the mark, he said. "The larger the group in our society, the less able are their 'leaders' to motivate them. There is a greater likelihood they will fragment."

That would be just fine as far as Walt McCuiston is concerned. McCuiston tends to a flock of some 3,000 Born Again Christians at the Peninsula Bible Church in Palo Alto, California. "It is the variations that are the genius of making the body of Christ work," he says. "That means a single political view should never override the individuality of each Christian."

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COLOR I: COLOR TRANSPARENCIES Monday 7 pm-9:30 pm
5 weeks $55.00 Nov. 17-Dec. 15
Beginning students will be introduced to technical and creative methods of taking color slides. Exposure, filters, and various films will be examined. Students will gain experience in learning how to produce slide presentations and will have their slides critiqued each week.
PREREQUISITE: BEGINNING PHOTOGRAPHY OR EQUIVALENT

DARKROOM I: B/W Tuesday 7 pm-9:30 pm 5 weeks $55.00 Nov. 18-Dec. 16
This course involves learning procedure for processing negatives and making photographic enlargements. Students will produce finished prints. Techniques of print manipulation will be explored. Student photographs will be critiqued to help them attain higher quality prints. Students will use Pacific Light Darkrooms during class.

DARKROOM 2: B/W FILM PROCESSING AND THE HIGH QUALITY PRINT Thursday 7 pm-9:30 pm 5 weeks $55.00 Nov. 20-Dec. 18.
This is an intermediate class exploring advanced techniques of film processing and printing. Emphasis will be placed on the production of a portfolio of six high quality prints. Students will also examine and discuss work by master photographers.
PREREQUISITE: DARKROOM 1 OR EQUIVALENT

VISUAL APPROACH TO PHOTOGRAPHY—BLACK AND WHITE Wednesday 7 pm-9:30 pm 5 weeks $55.00 Nov.-19-Dec. 17
This course will explore photography with emphasis on composition, thinking visually, and developing a new way of seeing. Assignments will help the student organize a new visual perception. There will be group discussion/lectures on classic and contemporary images and philosophical issues.
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Registration begins Nov. 6. All students must register either by mail or in person

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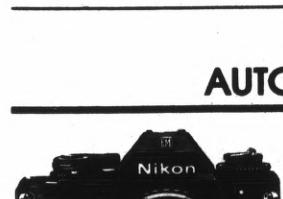


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Rancho del Mar, Aptos 688-5656
Front Street, Santa Cruz 425-5353
King's Village, Scotts Valley 438-4646

Racial discrimination in schools

by Allison Engel

EDITOR'S NOTE: Hispanic students who boycotted schools in Pittsburg, California, last week represent a growing awareness wherever minorities are concentrated. The students know, better than others, that profound social and economic transformations are occuring under their very feet, and that the single institution which should help guide them through those changes—the school—is failing them. PNS correspondent Allison Engel visited Pittsburg to talk with students, parents and teachers.

Angry Hispanic high school students and their parents organized a school boycott here last week, charging teachers and administrators with racism. The incident that touched off the boycott wasn't in itself very significant, but the underlying motivation was: a profound frustration over the quality of education minorities are receiving.

"I'd say that maybe one out of 20 Chicano kids here will do something with his life," said sophmore Ruben Rosales. "The other 19 will stay in Pittsburg, maybe work in the steel mill, hang out or do something they don't want to do. Most of us want to go to college, and have dreams of doing things, but for most kids, they are pretty much just dreams."

As this town, and others like it, goes through the transformation from a heavy industrial community to a bedroom suburb of San Francisco, the minorities who live here have watched the low-skilled but good paying jobs disappear. The rapid exodus of those jobs, combined with the arrival of affluent commuters, has produced a service economy that offers unskilled jobs for the poor —fast food service, dishwashers, waiters, janitorial workers, etc.

The logical way out of this dead end world is through education. And so, when they feel the schools have failed them, the young people feel that all has failed. The rug has been pulled out from under them, and they look down into a dark pit.

"We were taught to respect authority and respect our elders," said the 15-year-old Chicano youth earnestly. "It's not in our nature to boycott."

"We had to. We had to get the school board to listen to us. The school, in so many ways, doesn't help us at all. We're getting no guidance toward college or any careers that matter."

The boycott, which involved hundreds of students and lasted for three days, was touched off by a Chicano football player getting kicked off the team for possession of a bottle of champagne. But students and their parents also had broader complaints, such as Chicano students not being adequately prepared to take college preparatory classes. Too many Hispanic students end up in the general education track, they said, do poorly, drop out or are sent to a special "continuation" high school. There, struggling students are offered even less education, since classes meet only half a day.

"They aren't being prepared for anything," said Sandra Valle, the mother of the football player kicked off the team. "I know a lot of kids just hanging around after they graduate."

The boycott, an editorial in the local newspaper pointed out, "serves to illustrate the complete frustration Pittsburg Hispanics are feeling concerning the education of their children."

Ruben Rosales said two Chicano brothers graduated at the top of their class several years ago and went on to medical school, "but since then, I don't know of anyone who's really done something."

The concern over the quality of education for Hispanics goes far beyond this small California city. Nationwide, Hispanics are this country's most undereducated minority. While 67 per cent of white youths and 46 per cent of Black youths finish high school, only 40 per cent of Hispanics graduate.

Minority youth also are giving birth to more children than their white counterparts, leading to crowded schools in districts with high minority enrollments at the same time suburban schools are closing for lack of students. In Los Angeles, for example, while 20 percent of the voting-age population is Hispanic, the percentage of Hispanics in kindergarten is 50 percent.

School officials deny they discriminate against Chicanos. "We have one of the best affirmative action programs anywhere," said Superintendent Bob Rothschild. He points out that the district is well integrated: 30 percent Black, 20 percent Chicano, 9 percent Asian (mostly Filipino) and about 40 percent white. "This represents the real world. I really believe students have an opportunity here to live and grow in a really pluralistic community."

He said that minorities are slightly over-represented in continuation high school, but he thinks Chicanos overstate the problem. For example, he said, some Chicano students claim teachers have struck them in class. "It's not a racial thing—it's a teacher losing control."

Rothschild blamed last week's boycott on"outside agitators" and said it was a disservice to pull students out of school. "If they want a better education, they should be in class."

Asked why students who do poorly are sent to a school that meets only a few hours a day, Rothschild replied: "Three hours doesn't make it less of an education. For many students, it's all they can handle."

Some parents don't see it that way. One is Maria Elena Hernandez. Her oldest son, Ruben, was one of the students who said a teacher hit him. Two weeks ago, the school solved the problem between Ruben and the teacher by sending Ruben to work in his parent's Mexican restaurant during the class period and giving him school credit for it.

"This isn't the kind of education I want him to have," said a bewildered Mrs. Hernandez. "He can work here any time. The first thing for him should be studies."

Last week's arguments between students, parents and school administrators centering on racism left unstated the deeper concern of the Chicano community: their ability to survive in a city that is rapidly changing from a blue-collar industrial town to a commuter suburb.

Pittsburg is in the midst of the biggest housing boom in the city's history. San Francisco workers looking for cheaper housing have swelled its population from 20,000 to 31,000 in just 10 years. At the same time, jobs in the area's steel mills, paper mills and canneries have been drying up. In their place have come a new economy: office buildings and retail stores to service the subdivisions. Minority students whose older siblings found low-skilled but good-paying factory jobs look to a future of work in fast-food restaurants.

Said a mother of three: "We want our kids to do better than steel mill work. But it's looking like soon there won't even be that."

"Jobs?" repeated 15-year-old Grace Malfitano. "Not in Pittsburg. Oh, maybe at Taco Bell."

Hispanics and Blacks, who live mostly in the north part of the city, are uneasy about an urban renewal project there that is tearing down substandard homes and replacing them with "middle income" homes that, "unfortunately," said the city's community development director, "are going to cost $80,000."

Renee Capurro, a mother who supported the boycott, said she is suspicious that a new marina at the northern tip of town, filled with yachts and sailboats belonging to Berkeley and San Francisco residents will create pressure for luxury homes, shops and restaurants, in the area where Pittsburg's minorities live. She has lived in the town all her life, she said, and sees signs, year by year, that low-income minorities are being squeezed out. Their hope, she said, is education.

"When I went to school here, I tried to quit when I was 16," said Capurro. "The principal came out to my home and got me to go back. I don't think you'd see anything remotely like that today."

"Teachers assign homework, sure, but they don't expect you to do it," spat out an angry 17-year-old who quit school after eighth grade, spent a stint in the Jobs Corps and this year was assigned to the tenth grade. He said he thinks he's going to drop out of school again soon. "Why should I go back to school if they're going to ignore me when I raise my hand? I know how to fix engines. I might as well do that."

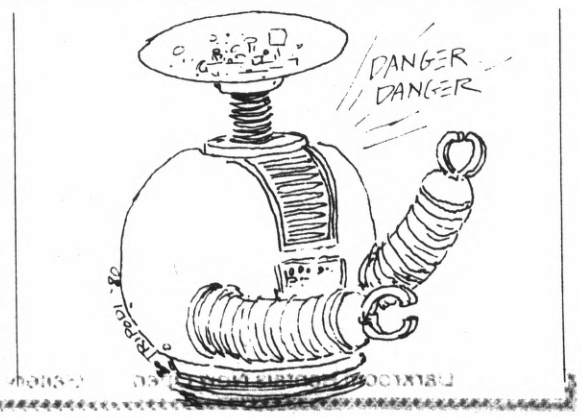
Mario, 16, a junior, said he would like to be a dentist. His older cousins, all Pittsburg graduates, had plans, too, he said, but one went in the service, another is in prison, a third just got out of prison and a fourth is working in a steel mill. "They just didn't get the professional type opportunities," he commented.

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WOMEN

Women's place in academia

UCSC professor files sex discrimination charges

By Joan Lockhart

With her suit against the University of California on sex discrimination charges, Julia Zaustinsky of the music board once again raises this still pertinent issue. The Merriam-Webster Dictionary defines "discrimination" as:

"1) Distinguish, differentiate; 2) to make a distinction in favor of or against one person or thing as compared with others."

John Marshall Collins, Zaustinsky's attorney, is a bit more specific in his claim that "the University has systematically and critically infringed upon the rights of women and minorities." This is not the first time the question has been raised and left unanswered by the Regents.

Despite Zaustinsky's impressive record in music and as a teacher, she has been repeatedly denied promotion since her employment at UCSC.

In 1971 Zaustinsky, along with the University Council and the local chapter of NOW (National Organization of Women), brought the issue to the Regents and to the Department of Health, Education and Welfare (HEW). The contentions were substantiated by the HEW and a "letter of findings" was issued, claiming the Regents violated Title VII of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 which forbids: "Any discrimination based on sex in hiring, firing, promition, wages, classification, employment referrals or assignment, extending or assigning the use of facilities, training apprenticeships, fringe benefits, life insurance, pension and retirement programs and any other conditions or privileges of employment."

Up to that time, no woman had chaired a discipline or served on the Community Academic Senate—positions which are requisite for advancement. Joseph Califano, Secretary of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, stated in a commencement speech to the City College of New York that "...it would be a bizarre society indeed—a Catch 22 society—that judged a person's potential for success by the very credentials and experience it has denied to that person by past discrimination." The University's Affirmative Action program must be based on Title VII, which further states that: "Among the remedies available are reinstatement, hiring, promotion, back pay, increased fringe benefits and orders enjoining future discrimination..."

In 1971, not one of 78 full professors at UCSC was a woman. All women who were coming up for tenure under the University's 6-year ruling were dismissed. One taught only four years, but the two years she had TA'd at Berkeley were tacked on and she too was dismissed. When the position of music board head was empty, an acting assistant professor from another discipline was chosen as head rather than the more qualified Zaustinsky, who began at UCSC with tenure in 1965. The personnel policies of the University state: "No applicant may be denied employment, nor shall any applicant be selected for employment in preference to a more qualified candidate, on the basis of ethnic background or sex." The University refused to negotiate with the office of civil rights (HEW) and the Department of Labor.

More recently, it its annual report (1979-80), the Committee on Affirmative Action states that "in cases considered for promotion to tenure 1979-80 at UCSC, almost 50% were women and 33% minorities—the breakdown by group:

1) Women: of the 7 women, 6 (86%) received an initial negative decision; in 3 cases this was reversed to promotion. Final count: 57% (4 of 7) were promoted.
2) Minorities: of the 5, 3 promotions (60%), 2 terminations
3) Nonminority males: of the 4, 3 promotions (75%), 1 termination.

Last November, the music board hired Robert Freeman of the Eastman School of Music to Critique the board. A report on his findings was released in the spring of this year. Mr. Freeman claims that the board includes "12 FTE (full time equivalents), one of whom is dysfunctional...." Because of previous defamatory remarks about her work and the difficult time she's had trying to implement student-faculty events since her involvement with feminist work, Zaustinsky contends that he is referring to her, and that Mr. Freeman never met Zaustinsky nor did he attend any of her class meetings. She subsequently filed a $20 million discrimination suit naming the Regents and Robert Freeman as defendants. The music board declined comment.



"The University has systematically infringed upon the rights of women and minorities."

Julia Zaustinsky has an impressive musical background. is a graduate of the Julliard School of Music and participates in the Aspen, Marlboro and Menuhin music festivals in the United States and Europe. She has studied violin wth some of the most renowned names in that field. Yet since her employment with UCSC she has repeatedly been denied promotion.

An attempt at creating a Bach Society in the fall of 1979 was squelched, after two successful concerts. The music chairman called the project "disruptive" and put a hold on it until 1981.

Zaustinsky's grievances are shared and recognized by many women, minorities and men. The outcome of this suit could pave the way for more just opportunities for those of us who will follow.

A public rape

Anonymous

(While City on a Hill *does not regularly accept anonymous contributions, we felt this account needed to be printed. We thank its author for having the courage to write and send it. Any claim to support women's rights would be hollow at a newspaper which would fail to support the woman who wrote this piece. We support her in her right to public outrage, after this incident she has titled "A Public Rape."—Kerry Anna Cobra, women's editor)*

It's 7:11 am and we just got back from Esalen. I'm so fucking tired, I don't know if I have enough strength to explain why I'm so fucking mad. I eased myself into the hot water and started to relax. The boy sitting next to me began to caress my legs and gradually work his way up my body. I knew him by name, but I had never talked to him before. I pushed his hands away, but they came back. Finally, I got out of the tub and walked away. He followed me. I ended up walking away from him three or four times before he got the message, but I'm not even sure he's gotten it yet.

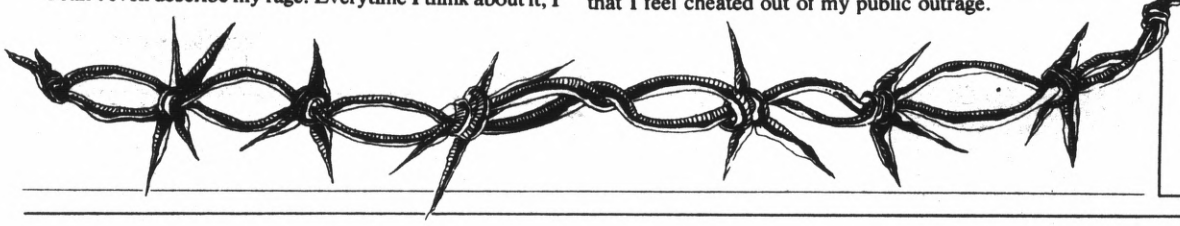
I can't even describe my rage. Everytime I think about it, I want to scream, and then cry. And everytime a part of me says: "Don't get over-excited; it was no big deal," I want to scream even louder and longer. I refuse to be treated like meat. It's the ego I don't understand. How can he assume that one touch from him will make me completely devoted to him? And it makes me even more upset when I realize that probably most people won't even understand why I'm crying. To be intruded upon that way! And in front of everybody! It makes me sick.

I didn't know what to do or who to turn to. I wanted to yell at him, but I didn't want to make a scene. So when he asked for a kiss, I said "no," when he pressed his penis against me, I moved away, and when he got on top of me in the pretense of giving me a massage I slipped out from under him and went back into a bath where eight people stared at me in silence. Silence.

The horrible thing is—he doesn't understand. He doesn't know how violated I feel right now, and if he did, he would not understand why.

Maybe next time I'll have the strength to say "no" out loud, after the third or fourth whispered one. Maybe next time I'll have the strength to go to one of my friends and ask her to hold me while I cry.

I don't know what the "proper" response is. All I know is that I feel cheated out of my public outrage.



Writers!

The women's section needs

reviews

...of all media. Besides reviews, there are investigative stories, features, profiles, and community news stories you might want to work on. It's incredible.

Contact one of the editors at x2430—or the Rock House at Bay & High.

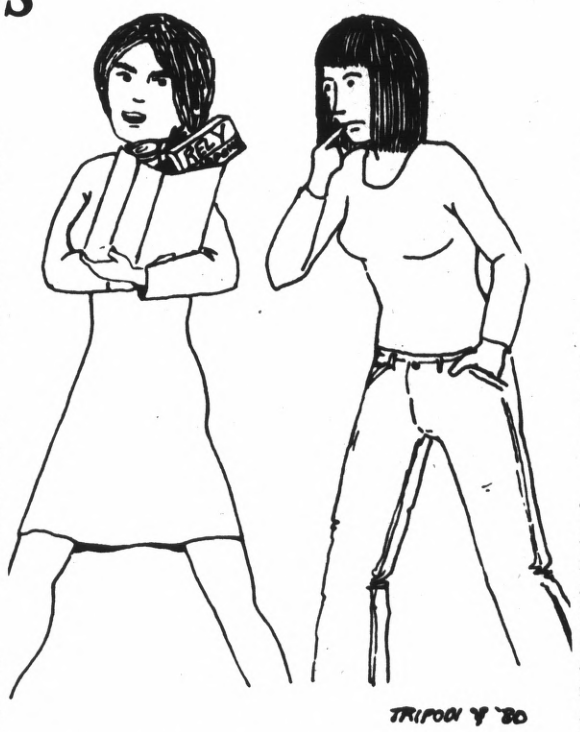
Women's Clips

A one-woman art show by Jael, featuring oils, pastels, etchings, ink, and watercolor, will be up at the Cooperhouse Gallery throughout November. The show is described as including "explorations or time, space, and color...technically and creatively strong." The artist herself, who has been a commercial artist and art teacher as well as a studio artist, apparently has quite a story, personal and professional. If this sounds interesting, please go see her work upstairs at the Cooperhouse. For gallery hours or further information, call 423-9665 in the mornings.

Looking for work? "Volunteering your way into a career" is the topic of the Women's Work Information Center's New Leaf Seminar on Friday, November 7. It's 12—1 at the Y, free, and childcare is available by pre-arrangement by calling 425-3062. The speaker will be Marilyn Holmes of the Women's Work Furlough Program. Bring a brown bag lunch — or your Susan B. Anthony lunchbox if you feel flamboyant.

Local writer Ellen Bass' workshop, "Writing About Our Lives," is happening this weekend once more at the YWCA. Pre-register at the Y or by phone for this "supportive class for both women who write and those who would like to write."

More women's art goes up at Resources for Women's 104 Walnut Avenue gallery on Friday, November 7, in Room 212. This exhibit features Karen Asherah's pencil and ink drawings, Diane Olivier's charcoal drawings, and Ellen Setteducati's calligraphy. An interesting-sounding event billed as an "added attraction" will be a special showing of Betty Steinmetz and Maria Mallozzi's "Woolworth Series." Reception Friday, 5-7 pm. Call 429-1627 for more information.



"My insurance company? New England Life, of course. Why?"

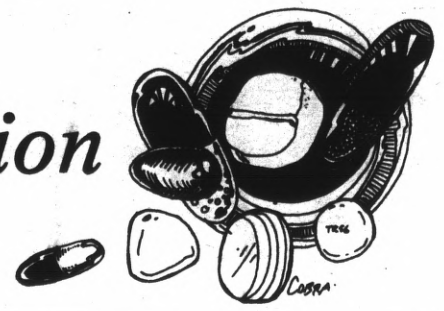
With so much art news this week, **Myriah Martin's show at the College V Bridge Gallery** deserves prominent mention and a *priority* spot in your art-viewing schedule. Her varied senior exhibit shows development, keen visual intelligence, and, surprise, a sense of humor. Go see this one, whatever you do, before it comes down on Saturday night.

The Women's Coffeehouse is this week, Saturday at 8 pm. at the YWCA...it should be a fun weekend, what with the reception at *Resources* Friday, dashing up to see **Myriah's** art, enjoying the music, performance and pleasant company Saturday at the Coffeehouse, and then coming up to **City on a Hill,** Sunday by 3 pm, to turn in your scathingly brilliant articles for the Women's Section. Yes, I'm hinting...we need women and men to write certain stories of vital interest and import. I won't tell you what they are so you'll be intrigued enough to volunteer and everybody else will be astonished. Come to the Press Sundays at 2 pm for journalistic brainstorming, or call one of the women's editors at 429-2430.

—another suspect

Wingspread women's clinic opens

The tragedy of prescribed addiction



By Shannon Spizzirri

Drugs. We're all familiar with them—we saw horrifying movies in high school, showing us the dangers of marijuana overdosing, the junkie plucking out his own eyes in LSD-etherea, the coke-fiend without a nose. We know the enlightenments and disenchantments of the student drug-circuit. Drugs are something you do or don't do with your friends, entertainment exclusively for the young and open-minded, or addictions for the immature. They're not for Mom and Dad, not for the PTA chairwoman, not for the woman next door.

This is where most of us are wrong. We are tragically unaware of the phenomenal number of mainstream women who are dependent on, and often addicted to, psychoactive prescription drugs. This drug problem is removed from our usual frame of reference—it doesn't fit our pictures of trembling junkies and washouts. These are everyday women, who get their kids to school on time, type out reports at 80 words per minute, shop for groceries and plant tulip bulbs. And these are women who depend on a steady and legal stream of pills to get them through their days and nights, who take the advice of indifferent doctors, and fall apart under a suffocating blanket of prescriptions.

There are 1.3 million women dependent on tranquilizer-like drugs in California alone. One out of every three women over the age of 30 has a prescription for tranquilizers, sedative/hypnotics and/or speed. There are 10 times as many people dependent on prescription drugs in this country as there are dependent on heroin. Most of the women who are dependent on these psycho-active drugs get them not only legally, but with a doctor's advice and insistence.

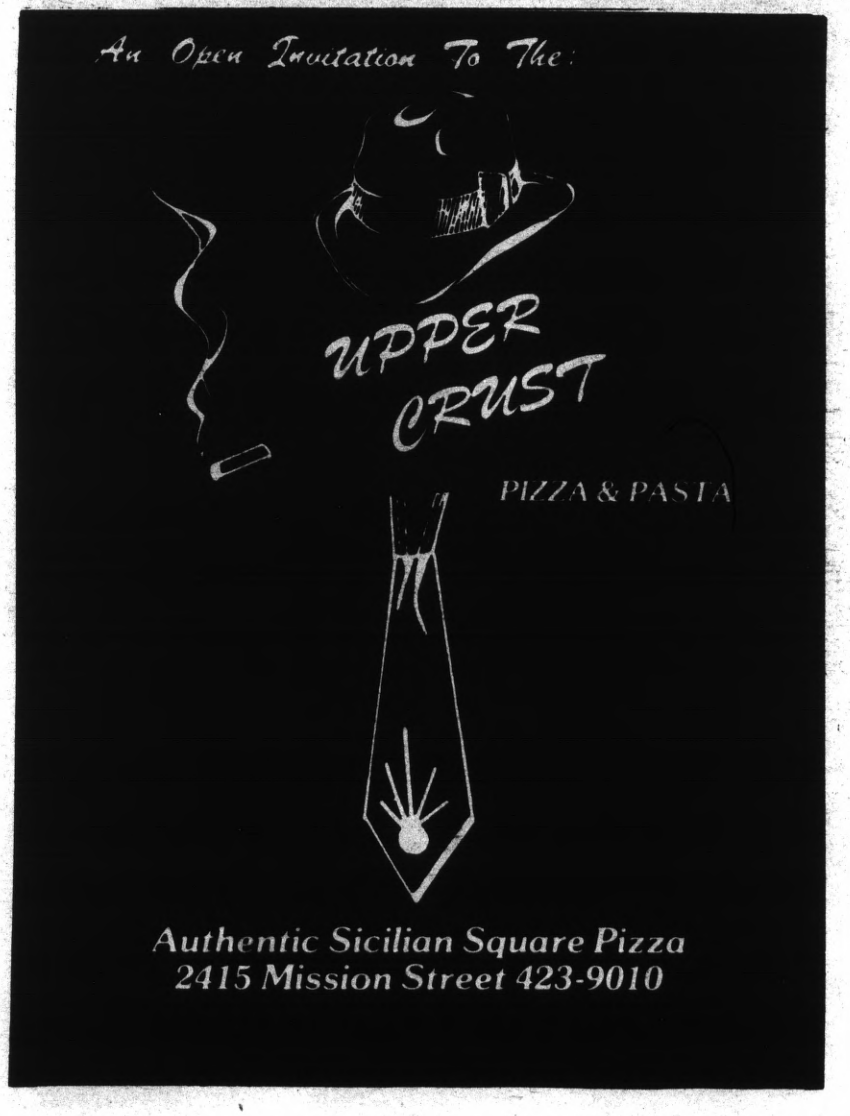
> *It is easier to drug a woman and try to cover up her unhappiness than to help her. When the chemical "help" turns into another problem, it is time she turned elsewhere.*

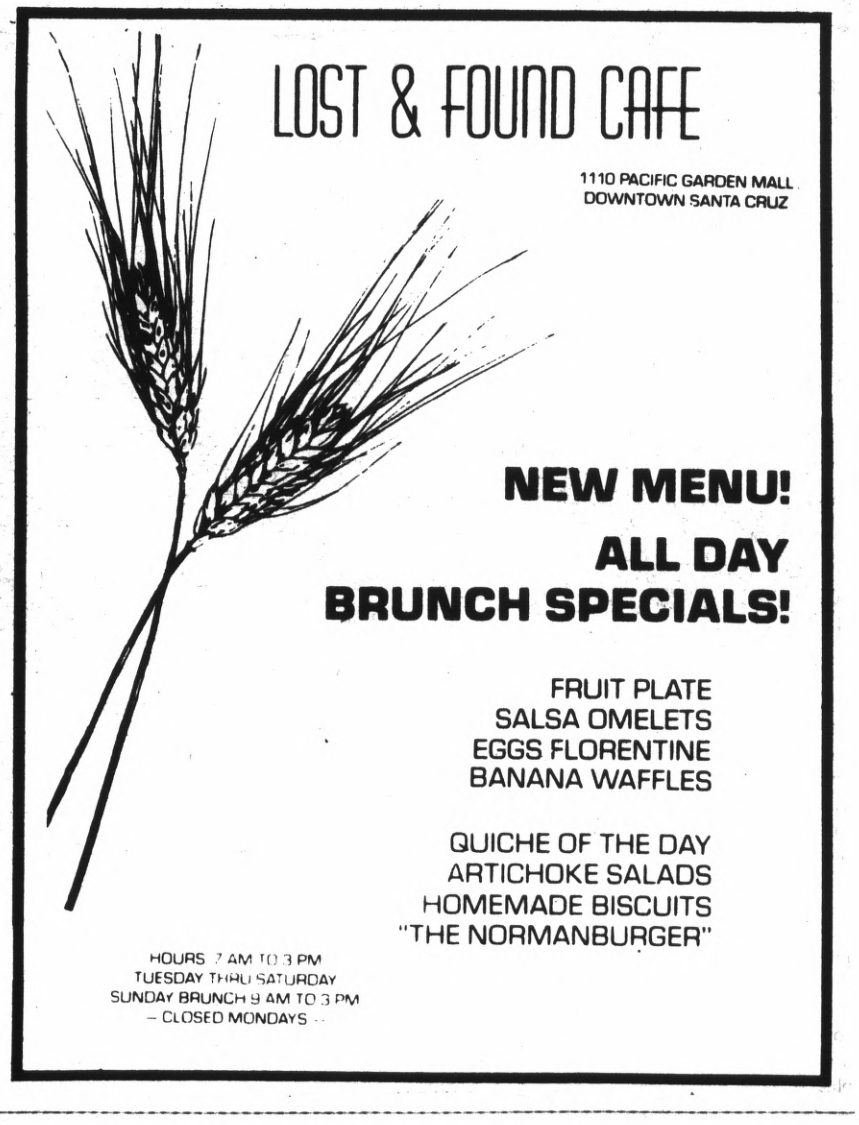
Doctors are often either uninterested in or unequipped to adequately deal with the problems women bring to them. It is easier to drug a woman and try to cover up her unhappiness than to help her. When the "help" a doctor offers becomes another problem, a woman needs to turn elsewhere.

Wingspread, a state-funded comprehensive health service for women in Santa Cruz, has been established to offer that help. One of only three of its kind, Wingspread gives medical and psychological help to women who find themselves dependent on prescription drugs. Other health services seldom see this critical problem as being within their jurisdiction. Mental health clinics see it as a drug problem, drug abuse clinics see it as a mental health problem, and doctors keep on prescribing. Wingspread is struggling to publicize the issue because if there is no public awareness of this problem, there is no support for the clinic.

To help build this public awareness and support, Wingspread has put together a benefit premiere showing of the new movie "Women, Drugs, and Alcohol" and a performance by the Sonoma County Brown Bag Readers Theatre's production of "Women and Alcoholism" on Friday, November 7, at the Santa Cruz High School Auditorium. The movie will begin at 7:30 and features interviews with Josette Mondanaro, Executive Director of Wingspread and Former Director of the California State Dept. of Substance Abuse, and interviews with women with prescription drug dependencies.

This is no sensationalistic high school drug horror story. It brings to the awareness of the viewer the astonishing breadth and urgency of the problem that Mondanaro and the people at Wingspread are fighting to solve. The theatre production of "Women and Alcoholism" is equally moving and enlightening, confronting us with the problem in a living, breathing way. Admission for all of this is $3.50—childcare will be provided by Wingspread with 48 hour notice. Their number is 425-5525. There will be a reception immediately following the performance at Wingspread, 1025 Center Street.





Karen Silkwood's questions remain

By S. Marion



November 13 marks the six-year commemoration of the death of Karen Silkwood, union activist and worker at the Kerr-McGee plutonium facility in Crescent, Oklahoma. She fought to expose the accidents, contaminations and disregard of safety regulations that consistently characterize the operations of the nuclear industry. She was a strong, outspoken woman who challenged the net of corporate lies and secrets surrounding the nuclear issue; and for this, Karen Silkwood died.

The story of Karen's fight to reveal the hazardous working conditions within the nuclear industry began in 1972 when she moved to Oklahoma to work as a lab technician inspecting welds in 8-foot long pencil-thin metal rods containing concentrated plutonium pellets. She joined the Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers Union (OCAW) and within three months was picketing for higher wages, better training and improved health and safety programs. During the strike, working conditions deteriorated further. After two months, the union was forced to its knees, and workers went back to Kerr-McGee under a weak contract. Angered by the unmet demands for improved safety conditions, Karen began documenting exposure incidents. At the same time, the company, threatened with a possible $2 billion contract loss, instituted a production speed-up. Twelve-hour shifts became standard and new workers received even less training than before. Karen recorded her charges against the company and continually accompanied contaminated workers to the health physicist. Then in July of 1974 she was exposed to plutonium while working on the 4 am to 4 pm shift. Air samples indicated contamination some time during her shift. She had not been wearing a respiratory mask because the company never bothered to give her one that fit properly.

A maze of questions still surrounds Silkwood's death, and anti-nuclear activists all over the US are finding their phones tapped and their lives monitored.

Shortly after her contamination experience, Karen ran for office and won one of the three seats on the OCAW local's steering committee. In the early fall of 1974 the committee testified in Washington before the Atomic Energy Commission and charged Kerr-McGee with negligence in four areas: failure to keep exposure levels as low as practical; failure to provide proper hygienic facilities; failure to educate and train workers; and failure to adequately monitor worker exposures. The trio reported that 73 employees had been internally contaminated and dozens more had been externally contaminated. It was revealed that many workers were not informed of the carcinogenic properties of plutonium. As little as one millionth of a gram emits potentially lethal radiation, yet Kerr-McGee workers were led to believe that their handling of plutonium was so safe "you can probably eat it." The AEC promised to review the charges but the union members were skeptical. In the past, Kerr-McGee had always been forewarned of "surprise" AEC inspections.

Karen Silkwood returned to Oklahoma and began collecting evidence to support her contention that the company was tampering with quality-control records and producing faulty plutonium rods. It has been speculated that at this time Karen discovered information concerning the 60 pounds of unaccounted-for plutonium that Kerr-McGee claimed was stuck somewhere in the plant's pipes. In 1974, plutonium was $70 a gram or $3,500 a pound, government list price. On the black market, 60 pounds would be worth millions.

Karen Silkwood arranged to meet with a reporter from the *New York Times* to present documents proving Kerr-McGee's violation of Atomic Energy Commission regulations and falsification of quality control records. Also, she intended to expose the circumstances surrounding Kerr-McGee's attempt to silence her. Eight days before the planned meeting with the *Times*, Karen discovered plutonium on her skin. After scrubbing down with a wire brush and a mixture of Clorox, Tide and potassium, her contamination level was within AEC safety limits. She went home and returned the next day for work. The plant monitor indicated a high level of contamination, though she had had no contact with plutonium that day. A nasal smear indicated that Karen had been internally contaminated. No one could find the source of radiation. Finally the inspection team investigated Karen's apartment and found the place "hot." (Contamination is measured in disintegrations per minute—500 d/m is considered "safe" by AEC standards.) Cheese and baloney in the refrigerator registered 400,000 d/m and the bathroom registered 100,000 d/m. All items in the apartment were buried in a radioactive dump and Karen was sent to Los Alamos, New Mexico for decontamination and testing. She returned on Sunday, still determined to meet with the *New York Times* the following day.

On November 13, 1974, Karen Silkwood met with 15 members of her union to discuss strategy concerning Kerr-McGee's refusal of a salary increase. She left the meeting carrying a brown manila folder and a spiral notebook. She was to meet OCAW official Steve Wodka and *New York Times* reporter David Burnham to present incriminating documents about Kerr-McGee's criminal activities. But she never arrived—Karen Silkwood's car crashed en route, killing her instantly. Dents on the fender indicated that another vehicle forced her off the road. And the folder of documents mysteriously disappeared.

The Karen Silkwood case was investigated by the AEC, the Nuclear Regulatory Commission (AEC's successor), the FBI, the Justice Department and committees of both the House and the Senate. Yet all these investigations were terminated without resolving the major issues or looking at significant evidence.

In November 1976, a suit was filed by Karen's parents and the guardian of her three children. The Silkwood investigation that followed uncovered the existence of a huge spy network privately operated and focused on worker, organizational and citizen "dissidents." Evidence revealed that wiretaps, electronic surveillance and harassment were used by FBI operatives with the cooperation of Kerr-McGee officials and the Oklahoma City Police Department, violating Karen's civil liberties. In addition, numerous attempts were made by Kerr-McGee, FBI agents and government officials to discredit Karen on the basis that she was a "loose woman who had abandoned her children."

An Oklahoma jury found the Kerr-McGee Nuclear Corporation *liable* for the 1974 contamination of Karen Silkwood and guilty of willful, conscious negligence regarding the health and safety of their workers and the general public.

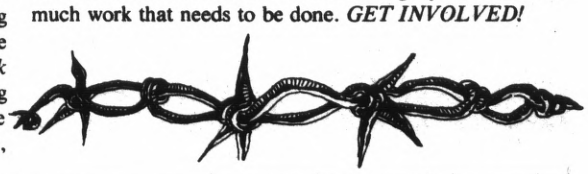
Still there are a maze of unanswered questions surrounding Karen Silkwood's death and her contamination a week earlier. Violence and repression are still used against those who speak out and challenge the nuclear industry. Just recently, Rosalie Bertell, a nun and biologist who studies the effects of radiation on human life, was forced off the road by another car after speaking at a conference—fortunately she survived. Throughout the United States, anti-nuclear activists find their phones tapped and their activities surveyed. As the movement against nuclear energy grows, so do corporate and government militancy.

Rosalie Bertell, nun and biologist who studies the effects of radiation, recently was forced off the road after speaking at a conference; she survived.

This Thursday, November 13, Women Opposed to Nuclear Technology will be showing Helen Caldicott's slideshow "I Have Three Children of My Own" at 7:45 at the Louden Nelson Center. A silent candlelight vigil and walk to the ocean will follow. These activities are for women and children only and childcare in available. Call 427-0637 for more information.

On Friday, November 14, at 12 noon, a rally organized by PNFF will be held at the duck pond stage in San Lorenzo Park as part of a state-wide effort to oppose the proposed licensing of the nuclear power plant at Diablo Canyon. At 12:45 demonstrators will march to the PG&E office.

Contrary to the illusion of change, the nuclear industry is alive and growing strong. We must come together in this struggle against the nuclear menace and its death mentality. Karen Silkwood left us a burden and a legacy. There is still much work that needs to be done. *GET INVOLVED!*



ARTS



Springsteen

The Concert

by Kerry Anna Cobra

November 1 is All Hallows' Day, the day of the Christian dead. We may bear the world quite an animosity, but it's nothing like the hate of these entirely and pitiably suckered spirits. Iggy Pop's lurid catalytic flare was all that could fight the pervasive miasma of their ghostly hate, this past All Hallows' Day in Santa Cruz. "Twenty tunes," he said afterwards at the bar. "I usually play about fifteen. I needed the practice." We needed the practitioner. But that's another story, and this has to do with Bruce Springsteen's concert tour only when (in the words of the Boss) "the streets are on fire in a real death-waltz between wha's flesh and what's fantasy..." when in the course of things one comes to consider what's true and what's and whether the question itself is worth a fuck or not.

Last Tuesday in Oakland, Springsteen played and sang with the E Street Band for pretty near four hours, playing material from all the albums including the new *River*, and concert standbys like the Chuck Berry medley encore. Clarence Clemons showed more people than I'd almost ever seen before exactly what God had in mind when She inspired the saxophone. He played off Bruce in a seriously delightful sexual intensity under brightly colored lighting that made them the only two people in the world, especially during "Badlands," an opening number that was obviously half the crowd's theme song.

My colleague Scott wasn't satisfied with the sound—during the break, which was only twenty minutes, he said both Springsteen's guitar and Mighty Max Weinberg's drums were dull and derivative. Brian remembered a poll of teenagers who found "Born to Run" a worse song than some halfassed AM pop piece they heard for comparison. It gives weight to the suggestion that new material, with some development of innovation in rhythm and leads, couldn't hurt the E Streeters any.

But there's another dimension to a Springsteen concert; few performers will ever inspire as much debate, not only about their music, but about their "reality" and "sincerity" than Springsteen. This is due in part to the reams of newsprint devoted to him by rock critics like Dave Marsh, Ariel Swartley and Jon Landau (now his producer)—clever, sensitive rock literati of the higher echelons who would probably betray their mothers to regain a taste of the honesty and sincerity they imagined in their rock-loving childhoods. It is also due to the attitudes and values Springsteen shares with this generation of critics—as he states in one of his memorized intimate pre-song raps, rock and roll was always playing on his mother's radio. From the age of 13, the music was his life. This is also clear in Dave Marsh's biography of Springsteen, *Born to Run*.

Even if no one had written a word, even if the *Time* and *Newsweek* covers had never brought up the question of hype, Springsteen's lyrics and presentation make questions of integrity necessary. A Springsteen song is street poetry of the finest kind, distilled through slang and television commercials and Sunday comics and, of course, all that's gone before in rock and roll. It's also almost invariably

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And The Record

by Joan Lockhart

He seems to emulate the American success story. The tale goes that a street kid from New Jersey, the son of a bus driver, grows up a little faster than the rest. He opens his eyes a little wider but doesn't get lost in the crowd. Rather he takes their energy and transforms it into musical poetry. Bruce Springsteen has been on the rock scene since 1964, playing the streets and small clubs in Jersey and New York, before fame—and a record contract—swept him up.

On his latest album, *The River,* Bruce Springsteen for better or for worse, hooks up with a beat orientation rivaling his rock roots of Elvis, Dion, The Ronettes and Buddy Holly. He seems to be westernizing his style with simple lyrics and monotonous drumming, abandoning the raw passion of street life and neon which spawned the hard-driving blues base that accentuated his top seller, *Born to Run.*

In the past, varied influences were easily discerned in Springsteen's writing; R & B, pop, even Broadway, as well as rock. That's what made his music so exceptional—not the "new Dylan" image Columbia tried to sell us on at the release of his first album, *Greetings From Asbury Park, NJ.* Musical epics high in energy and emotion have always been his strength. In *The River*, Springsteen appears to have gone commercial with four sides of mostly one-dimensional ideas and stifled melodies.

He's replaced his very intense imagery with simple non-working, even trite, conceptual lyrics. They don't bleed with the music as happens on *Born to Run.* City streets and the life they embrace, the night's ambivalence and Chevys are constant images with Springsteen. From "Jungleland," 1975:

Outside the street's on fire
In a real death waltz
Between what's flesh and what's fantasy
And the poets down here
Don't write nothing at all
They just stand back and let it all be

He had the ability to generate passionate tears, touching his world with glory without glorifying anything. Instead, *The River* is too manufactured to take as seriously. Each cut seems to be rushing toward the next. From "Out in the Street," 1980:

Put on your best dress baby
And darlin', fix your hair up right
Cause there's a party, honey
Way down beneath the neon lights
All day you've been working that hard line
Now tonight you're gonna have a good time

The album is not a total loss; it's fast and it's fun. There's raunchy power in "Hungry Heart." The title song, "Stolen Car," and "Drive All Night" hold some well-mixed pathos. "Cadillac Ranch" and "I'm a Rocker" are nothing new but Roy Bittan's Jerry Lee Lewis-style piano-pounding compels movement. "Point Blank" reveals more musicianship than most of the tunes. A couple of things could have salvaged the album's quality as a whole; if it had two rather than its ambitious four sides, or if Clarence Clemens, sax player extraordinaire, and the E Street Band had been given some real jamming time.

Springsteen, admittedly, depends on rock'n'roll and has made it his life since his street giggin' days. His current tour is selling out at a phenomenal rate, at a time when the *Wall Street Journal* ran an article on lagging attendance and "teenage apathy" towards rock concerts. One hopes all the adulation will not further exploit Springsteen's art. It was, after all, his adolescent isolation that made him what he is. In a 1975 Rolling Stone article, Jon Landau (Springsteen's producer) said, "Bruce is determined before he dies to make the greatest rock'n'roll record ever made." He may...but *The River* is not it.□



photos by Joan Lockhart

"Rude Boy"

Good Intentions, Bad Script

by Jeff Kahrs and Sharan Street

The phrase "new wave" is used to describe the musical developments of a broad genre of popular music produced during the last couple of years. Its influence can easily be found in the discos, clothing stores and rock clubs in major cities of the United States. Marked by heavy commercialism, new wave has already been co-opted by the general society.

Punk is something different. While new wave sums up a certain aesthetic form, punk grew from the gritty lives of the restless and alienated youth of the British working class.

Emerging from this explosive social order, *Rude Boy* attempts to portray the grim life of a Clash groupie, while at the same time documenting the rise of the Clash as a band. The movie lacks many traditional plot development devices, and is an anarchistic collage that needs to be viewed as an attempt to create a cinematographic language for the music of the Clash.

Nobody gets away with total anarchy, though, and in this case, the end product is a poorly-designed movie with some worthwhile sequences and too much garbage. It fails because we're never sure just what kind of movie it is.

The basic story line is about a character named Ray (played by the film's screenwriter, Ray Grane). He spends his time on the bum—hanging out, going on the dole, getting drunk and occasionally working in a girlie magazine shop. Along the way he is befriended by members of The Clash, and eventually gets a job with them as a roadie.

Although Ray worships the band's music, he is too alienated from humanity to understand the politics. The Clash is a band that cares deeply about the unequal distribution of the world's wealth—Ray doesn't understand the problems of the world enough to care about anything but his own survival.

In one scene in a bar, Ray, typically plastered, berates lead singer Joe Strammer about the band's political involvement with the left. "It's just like in Russia," he slurs, "it just changed who was riding around in the black cars. But there's still some that's riding and some that's walking. I just want to make sure I'm riding."

FILM REVIEW

As the film goes on, it becomes apparent that Ray is not going to gain any understanding of the politics of the left. He merely confronts the band again and again, and at each confrontation, the conflict between Ray and the band grows.

The main moral of the tale seems to be that those who love no one do not love themselves, and fall into a deteriorated state. This is an admirable moral, but the means of exploring it are cliched, perhaps unavoidable in a movie which is minimal in nature and relies on basic themes.

Some cliches are our best material in any art because they are so readily understandable. The trick is always in how they are presented. Unfortunately, the cliches in *Rude Boy* are often heavy-handed. While the best in punk turns these simple cliches into a double-edged sword that both ridicules and validates it, *Rude Boy* does not have this complexity.

Still, all this preaching would have been bearable if the guy who made the film could have decided on what he wanted to do. Rather than centering the story around Ray or around The Clash, he tries to put the two together. Though Ray is supposed to be the center of action he mumbles his lines, understates his presence, and fails to generate much sympathy for the character.

If *Rude Boy* had been a documentary on The Clash or their political views, it would have been fine. If it had been a movie about Ray's bungled life it would have been fine. Instead, the movie does neither and lapses into confusion. A sequence tacked on at the end about black pickpockets is particularly irrelevant. Although potentially one of the strongest story elements, it either needed much more attention, or it needed to be discarded. Just as you can't write about everything in one song, you can't try to explain every injustice in one movie.
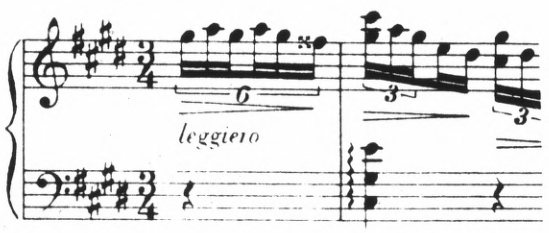
Really, the movie should have been about Ray—because Ray is what it's all about. He is the symbol of the disenchanted, angry young people in England, caught between living in the re-runs of a glorious past or facing the dismal present that offers nothing but disenchantment.

Instead, we get an unsatisfactory mix of concert footage and dull, endless scenes of an undeveloped and unsympathetic character walking the streets of London. The film needs more of a context to explain the paucity of Ray's life.

But, if you like The Clash, the film is worthwhile. If you want to see some documentation about the angry side of life in England, there's some here. Otherwise, forget it. *Rude Boy* is an unsuccessful venture, even in terms of its own genre.□

SC Symphony

Payrolled for Good Conduct?



The first of four finalists for the joint position of Music Director of the Santa Cruz County Symphony and the University Chamber Orchestra, Kenneth Klein, will direct the County Symphony this Saturday and Sunday, November 8 and 9 at Resurrection Church in Aptos.

Maestro Klein, chosen from among 150 international applications for this post, served as the bilingual Music Director of the Guadalajara Symphony for twelve years and as a professor of music at that city's university. He is spending two weeks in Santa Cruz prior to the performances to rehearse with the orchestra giving the Music Board and the Symphony Board of Directors a first-hand appreciation of his talents.

This weekend's program (Saturday at 8 pm and Sunday at 3 pm), designed by Klein to highlight his specialties, features Dvorak's romantic *Symphony No. 8 Suite from the Ballet Estancia*, by the contemporary Argentinian composer, Alberto Ginastera, should delight audiences with its strong rhythmic expression.

Puerto Rican pianist Jose Ramos-Santana will give his interpretation of Weber's masterwork, **Konzerstuck in F.** Mr. Ramos-Santana is a graduate of the Julliard School of Music, where he won their Concerto Competition and is the recipient of numerous other musical honors.
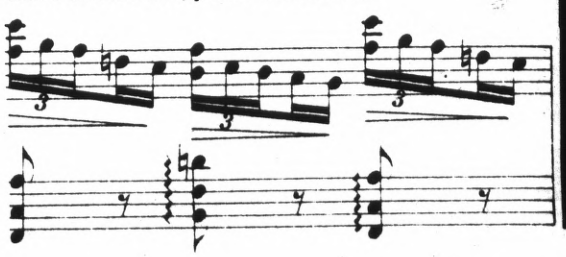
Klein brings an impressive background to the podium. Trained in the German/Austrian conducting tradition, he studied with Fritz Zweig of the Berlin State Opera and has appeared with the American Symphony Orchestra at Carnegie Hall. At the invitation of Pablo Casals, he conducted the Puerto Rico Symphony in 1973 and 1974 and opened Festival Casals in 1977. As Principal Guest Conductor of the Stuttgart Ballet in 1971, he toured major American cities, including performances at the Metropolitan Opera in New York. He has made two extensive tours of the Soviet Union, directing Moscow's leading orchestras. Among the world-renowned artists who have soloed with Klein are Claudio Arrau, John Browning, Eugene Istomin, Yehudi Menuhin and Ravi Shankar.

The Santa Cruz County Symphony is a community-based orchestra consisting of 65 paid musicians who perform 14 times a year as an ensemble. Founded in 1957, the Symphony has been under the leadership of three different Music Directors and is now selecting its next leader, who will also be a member of the UCSC faculty, under a newly devised agreement between the two organizations. (Using College Five's Dining Hall as the Symphony's rehearsal stage is another part of this collaboration. There will be an open rehearsal there tonight, November 6, beginning at 7:30 pm.)

Dr. Edward Houghton, a professor of music at UCSC, is serving as the Symphony's non-conducting Music Director this year, and is in charge of the search process. He is soliciting comments about the four candidates from the orchestra, the Symphony and Music Boards, and from the audience. Ticket holders will have the opportunity to express their opinions about the selection of a new conductor for Santa Cruz County.

Tickets are an affordable $4 for students and seniors, $6 general, and are available through the UCSC Box Office in the Redwood Building, at Cabrillo College Community Education, or at the door. Resurrection Church is located at 7600 Soquel Dr., just off the Aptos/Seacliff freeway exit. For more info, phone 425-6331.□





Springsteen continued

structured on a steel skeleton of assertions. About life and love, and especially about honesty, truth and promises.

The Springsteen value system makes cant phrases like "street ethic" and "value system" fidget and excuse themselves from the room. It's rigourous and it's sincere—it demands to know what's *really* going on. This core of belief understands human failings—the wife and child left in Baltimore, the clear hate felt when your lover and friend cuts you, the alienation of a too-early marriage turned sour. Phrases like "promised land" recur in the songs, promises of all varieties recur; but broken promises are accepted as part of it all—even, in the right circumstances, *celebrated*: "Tonight we'll be free and all the promises will be broken." And everybody knows the barrenness of the Promised Land.

Another complaint about the performance I heard more than once was that few stories were told. I can only remember two I'd swear to,the one about hearing rock and roll on the radio in the kitchen (it "turned his fantasies into dreams") and the one about him and Clarence sitting on the front porch in Freehold, New Jersey, and every day seeing this girl go by who they were always too shy to talk to.

As far as I'm concerned, there doesn't seem to be much point in asking Springsteen for stories. It's back to the question of truthfulness—he's never lived an American outlaw myth, and it's exactly because he *has* lived rock and roll. He's not the protagonist of his songs any more that an actor is Atticus Finch or Prince Hal, and an actor isn't a liar, a hypocrite, or what have you, because he's telling other people's stories. Springsteen is doing his job, and doing it well.

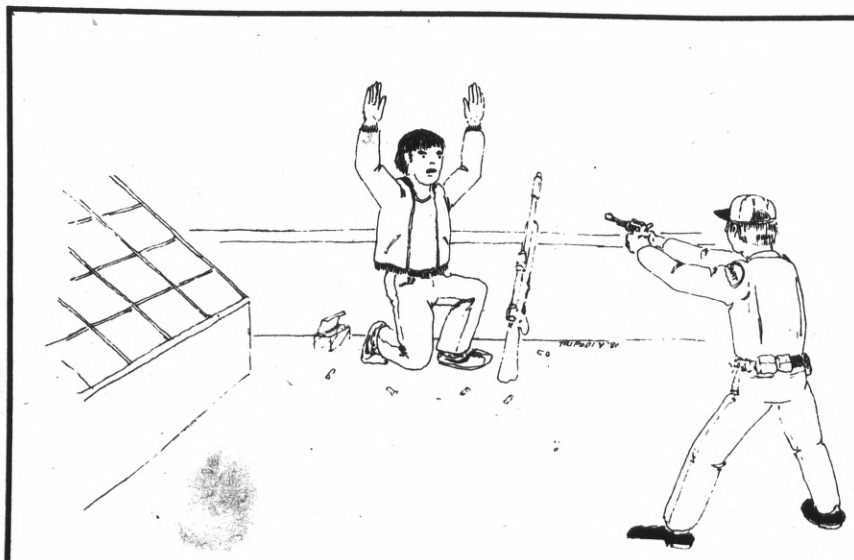
But the implication of rock and roll for him was stardom, and just as the implication of teenage lust felt by the two kids in "The River" was marriage, something was probably lost in terms of honesty and of joy. Those who marry or similarly ossify their emotional lives and those who dedicate themselves to an art for life have to be incredibly careful not to lose the capacity for honesty. Surely when Springsteen writes, "Tonight we'll be free and all the promises will be broken," he perceives the conflict between honesty and freedom to be the rocker's paradox as well as the lover's. Although a basic focus of Springsteen's work has been modern incarnations of earlier styles, Marsh believes that it was he who brought about the situation where American punk rock could emerge. If this contention seems shocking, Marsh makes it not altogether implausible in his book by a careful chronological appeal to rock's history. None of this seems important, though, while you're watching Springsteen dance like a devil, rocking out on Chuck Berry's music and his own with equal brash abandon—he's a brilliant performer, and gravity, like criticism, is irrelevant to the onstage world he creates.

If a number of other realities of the modern world's mean streets also seem irrelevant to Springsteen's world, perhaps it's largely because artistic worlds are created in isolation. people may have problems believing in Springsteen, but giant basketball stadiums and massive ad and distribution campaigns tend to dilute high passions as surely as marriage. Springsteen, because he's "made it," may not have to answer one of the strangest questions he's written: "Is a dream a lie when it don't come true, or is it something worse?" At least, it doesn't apply to his musical career. Whatever the outcome of dreams, and whether or not outcomes determine genuineness or genius, it's to the benefit of all who see him in concert that in Springsteen, genuineness and success just may coincide. □

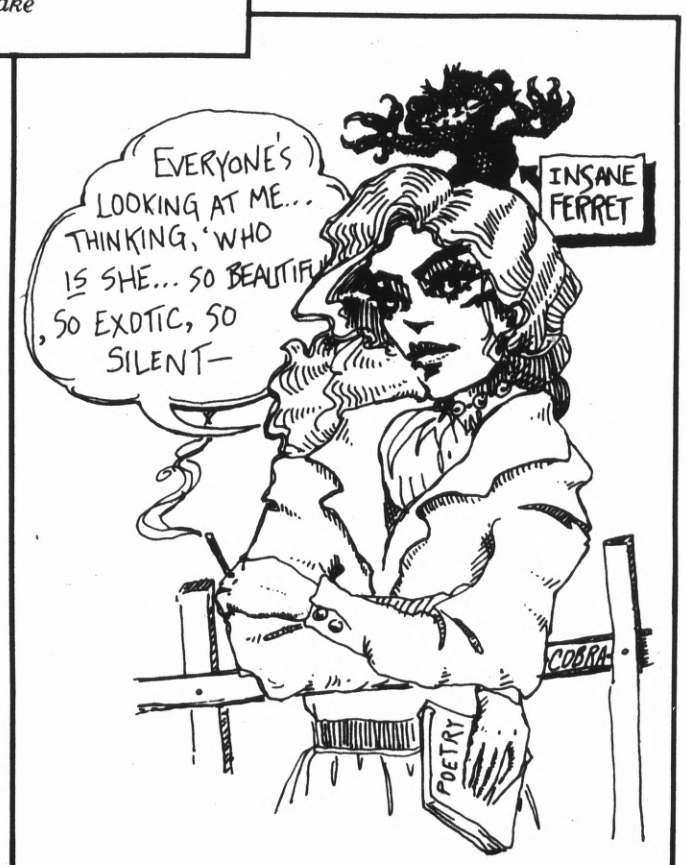
ACCOSTED BY NUTS



"You don't really believe in mermaids, do you? You just say that to make the tuna happy. C'mon, out with it! The truth..."



"There must be some mistake, officer."

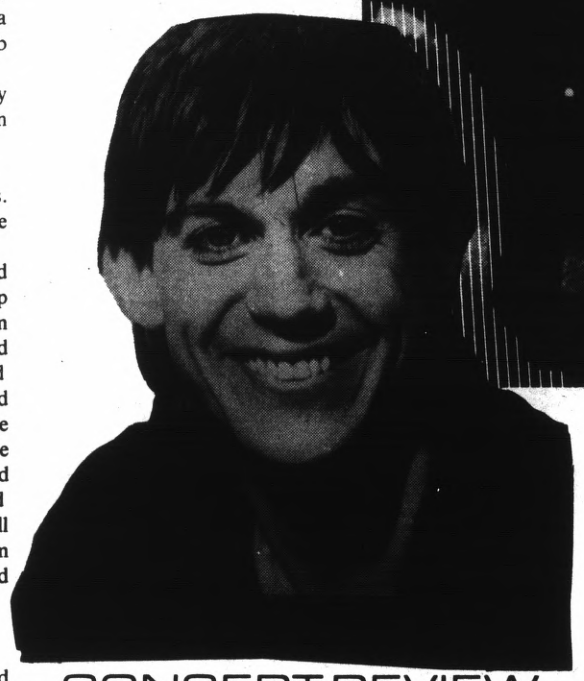


Nobody's Stooge

by Richard von Busack



photo copyright Su Suttle 1979



CONCERT REVIEW

About a half an hour before Iggy Pop was due on stage at the Catalyst last Saturday, I heard an ugly rumor. Iggy was late, so the rumor went, because he was back on heroin. He was sprawled out back stage, semi-conscious. Whether he was ready to go on or not was a moot point; the important thing was that he had no desire to go on. In addition to this, his hair had gone prematurely grey from life on the edge.

This was inexpressibly depressing. I had come to depend on the show too heavily. At least I wasn't alone in this—the crowd that lined the stage was cannibalistic. Despite Santa Cruz's reputation for mellowness, it can produce a lynch mob just like any other place.

Fortunately, the rumor was just that. The drug that Iggy had been indulging in was Clairol Instant Grey. I learned on those two thrilling nights he played the Catalyst that he 1)loved the audience and 2)has been as clean as the proverbial whistle since 1976. In a way, though, I knew this. No man on heroin could have done what he was doing those two nights.

Braving the crowd, I clung like a mollusc to the stage and waited for Iggy to come on. His band entered and warmed up for a minute with "Knocking Them Down in the City" from his last album, *Soldier.* Iggy leaped out on stage from behind the drum kit, snatched the microphone from the stand and barked out a few lines from the song. He has never looked more reptilian than he did that night. Crouching over the edge of the stage, his eyes glittering like a snake's, he aimed the microphone at the audience for the chorus. Hands reached out to first caress his boots (Oh God...I touched him) and then lashed out like tentacles to knock him over and half pull him off stage. An alarmed roadie rushed out to tug-of-war him back. Iggy staggered back to his feet, spat on the crowd, and continued the song.

The world has its problems but that's nothing new
Knocking them down in the city

When he finished, he sat down at the drum platform and looked out at the audience. "Hey," he said, "it's not really cool to try to pull me off stage. I mean, we came out here to give you some good music, and we're not expecting this sort of thing." The audience, ashamed of its collective excess, looked down at its shoes. The show started again with the microphone stand a discreet six feet away from the edge of the stage. He kicked the stand over, rolled backwards and started off again with the title cut from his 1973 album, *Raw Power.* Of the seven or eight older songs he did that evening, "Raw Power" sounded the best. He's brought experience to the song, and gave it more feeling in the past.

There was an almost schizophrenic atmosphere to the show, caused by the difference between Jimmy Ostenberg the singer and Iggy Pop the performer. It was part of his old act to abuse himself physically, and his unwillingness to be torn apart by the crowd shows that he wants to leave this behind. But the destructive imagery of his songs remains, and this is what the audience paid to hear. Self mutilation is, at best, a limited form of self-expression. What excited us all was that wonderfully metallic voice, or the way he moved that night like a wired Olga Korbut. It wasn't that exciting being spit upon. That night he somersaulted back to the drum platform, surveyed us all with paranoid mandrill eyes, and thumped the microphone on the stage for percussion. He performed a menacing version of "Nightclubbing," the song that he and David Bowie wrote, and rousing renditions of "I want to be Your Dog" and "Lust for Life," accompanied by the shrieking of the audience. He closed his set with a few songs from his unreleased album *Here's Iggy.* Insiders say that *Here's Iggy* will be a much more commercial album, with a horn section and strings. He has the voice for this kind of enterprise, but I would hate to see him become a male Streisand. The songs he did from the album, though, were anything but MOR.

Closing the set with a song called "Rock and Roll Party," which was not at all a party song, he left us to our own devices. For his encore, he did "Fun Time," an evil, electronic song counterpointed by the audience on chorus:

I don't need no heavy trips
I just do what I want to do
All aboard for Fun Time

Next day I had all of the usual symptoms of concert hangover—pulped feet, ringing ears, and sleepiness, plus a tendency to sing passages from songs to myself. As night approached, though, I knew I had to return.

I was very much the basket case when I arrived at Sunday's show. Opening for Ig were the Lloyds, a group whose twin claims to fame are that they're from San Francisco and that they have a magenta haired, Bette Midler lookalike on lead vocals. The Lloyds laid down (as in burying the deceased) a brief, noisy set that left their twenty-odd fans swaying listlessly like saplings in a windstorm.

Iggy's show was more relaxed Sunday. He sported a souvenir Boardwalk rabbit's foot on his belt loop. A day in Santa Cruz had cut down on his spitting, too. The audience was dancing instead of crushing tonight, but the usual crowd-smell of garlic was overwhelmed by the choking stench of clove cigaretes. I couldn't tell if I was weeping because of Iggy's consummate skill as a rocker, or whether it was just toxic clove shock syndrome. In any case, Iggy did a blistering hour long set complete with "TV Eye," a hate letter to a hateful media, and "Sister Midnight," a sensitive, frightening song reminiscent of "The End" by the Doors.

For sheer excitement, I've never seen anything like Iggy. And underneath the often vicious lyrics and posturing, there is a depth of sensitivity and anguish, of fear and sharp satire. His facade of toughness is cracking, that whole "punk" attitude created by him a decade ago and plagiarized a thousandfold. And what I saw underneath is what I remember most vividly: his very real pleasure in being a survivor, in performing in front of an enthusiastic audience, and the most open, least macho smile I've seen on a rocker as he faced the applause.□

"...I don't want no heavy trips,...I just do what I want to do."

Plug

Monday night will mark the debut performance of three bands who are famous on the dormitory circuit. In many ways, a dormitory audience can be one of the most vicious in the world—the frustrations of impersonal sex, bad food , and cabin fever like nobody's business can turn a crowd of lit majors into a savage mob. The Four Kats have braved these lawless thugs more times than anyone on campus can count. They've been the campus opening act for infamous party bands like JJ-180 and Psychotic Pineapple, and they'll be making their first city performance at the Santa Cruz Art Center at 8:00 pm. Bolstering them will be Peer Pressure and Joe Cuba and the Tokyo Negroes. Admission is $2.00.□



Local poetry journals

Feasting on Fresh Fruits

by Jeremy Bard

Like fruits and vegetables, the choicest literary journals are often the smaller ones, those cultivated despite the scarcity of widespread recognition or budget. Though the copy and subscription numbers may be low, the offerings are invariably to be savored. Santa Cruz has a pair of such indigenous productions, the bi-annual *Quarry West* and the quarterly *kayak*: both are disparate in tone and intention yet similarly engaging and well-crafted.

Quarry West, the younger of the two, recently released its twelfth issue. Like most of its predecessors, this edition is a finely balanced work of poetry, prose and visual art, attractively typeset and designed. Since its conception some nine years ago, under the auspices of College V and UCSC, *Quarry West's* contributions have been predictably strong and memorable, retaining a distinctly local flavor despite its policy of welcoming non-regional submissions.

Though William Everson, James B. Hall, George Hitchcock, Lynn Luria-Sukenick, David Swanger and other UCSC faculty members have all made appearances in its pages, it would be a mistake to assume the project is predominantly a showplace for professorial talents; far from being an academic stable-ground, it has maintained a remarkable artistic quality, range and readibility while drawing from a variety of sources. True, it has been accused by some of being rather formal and pretentious in tone, but, with a nod to the adage that it is impossible to please all the people all the time, it is safe to say that *Quarry West* can be counted on as a significant literary voice of unusual dependability.

Edition twelve is one of admirable equilibrium. It features eleven poems, four pieces of fiction and a selection from a novel, as well as a beautiful folio of photographer Don Fukuda's eerie color prints. Noted local author James D. Houston contributes a short story and UCSC's Lynn Luria-Sukenick is represented by a piece from her ongoing "Houdini" series of poems. Carter Wilson's "Cuzco," taken from his novel *Treasure on Earth* and set in the turn-of-the-century Peruvian highlands, is refreshing and absorbing for precisely that reason. The most memorable selections for me were Lee Merrill Byrd's dream-like prose piece "Sour Cream," Jerry Stahl's "Jigsaw Music," a gripping, quietly chilling tale of love and dementia in apartment complexes, and the poems of Naomi Clark and Carol Haralson. Readable in one sitting, *Quarry West's* latest offering is a healthy respite from our main staple of *Chronicle* and *Time* magazine newsprint.

The intentions of *kayak,* inspired and edited by UCSC literature professor and poet George Hitchcock, are slyly hinted at on the title page of each issue. "A kayak," runs a short blurb above the contents, "is not a galleon, ark, coracle or speedboat. It is a small, water-tight vessel operated by a single oarsman...It has never yet been employed as a means of mass transport." In its own tongue-in-cheek way, this rather unassuming statement is indicative of what the quarterly is all about: it is most certainly not for everyone.

In its fifty-fourth issue, *kayak* has proven as persistent and elusive as its nautical namesake and similarly lacking in heavy and unwieldy design. First and foremost a publisher of poetry, *kayak* consists primarily of works some call avant-garde and surreal, others call far-out and spacey and others just call weird. Though one person's provocative experimentation is another person's off-the-wall insipidity, *kayak's* uniqueness cannot be denied. Through the years, it has published several unheralded foreign poets as well as some of the better known practitioners of West Coast poetry such as David Ignatow and David Wagoner. For those who have trouble with the literary world's frequent heavy handedness, *kayak's* humour and satyr-like playfulness may be just what the doctor ordered. In any case, copies will never be difficult to spot. They're the only ones around that look like their covers are done by Hieronymus Bosch.

If you have an appetite for something more in reading than pre-election polls or the dips in the Dow Jones, the new *Quarry West* and *kayak* provide a valuable alternative. At the price of $2.50 and $1.00 respectively, they will never take a big bite out of your wallet. They are homegrown and definitely not fattening.□

Michael Creedon

Clark's Little Dance

"Ladies & Gentlemen,"
Clark announces
under his breath
at Mission & 24th,
"I have
recently returned from a temple in Georgia
where certain dervish coolmen
allowed me to witness their secret
ritual
dances
and I am now prepared to demonstrate."
And he twitches a cheek
& snaps
a toe
holds it back and
lets it go
flips a nostril &
flutters a sleeve —

You wouldn't believe
Clark's little dance
on 24th & Mission
where anything
goes.

Lynn Luria-Sukenick

Houdini Marries Beatrice

Leaving herself out of herself,
slipping out of her veil,
a lady in her camisole,
she sees Houdini who is truly
handsome yet she wants to wear those
lilies in front of the priest in front of herself first.
Later she eases so she's
ocean bottoms waving with silken weeds,
Persian carpets beaten into their highest color.
Not that he beat her: Houdini touched her always
as a fish touches water or the blind
finger organdy they would like to embroider.

Reprinted from Quarry West 12, 1980

Unsolicited Manuscript

{{Nimes Diary}}

by Patro Queet



"Les mecs sympas finissent les derniers"
—DuRocher

Ah Paris, city of light. At least sporadically. We arrived at two in the afternoon in the midst of a general strike. The *Métro* wasn't running, the power wasn't running, and the grunion had long since been killed off by oil tankers' spillage in the Channel. In Pamplona things were different, but that is another story.

After successfully checking into a comfortable little *pension* in the very heart of Paris, we were eager to do a little exploring on foot before dinner and bed. Our location in the *Hôtel Débile* district was fortuitous if not lucky. We were within walking distance of many of Paris' greatest cultural treasures: *Beaubourg,* the *Grand Palais,* the *Jus de Pomme* (housing the finest works of the French Repressionist period), the *Louvre,* and an incredibly muscular Tunisian boy, who for a mere eighteen francs *(service compris),* performs perfect *aspiration du tapis*—that act so highly prized by aficionados of the marital arts.

For dinner we went to a quaint little restaurant in the fashionable *Pigalle* area. I ordered *un pavé au goudron (bien cuit), une salope nicoise,* mushrooms *forestier,* and, for dessert, *des crottes maison.* Before dining I indulged in several of the fine *péjoratifs* which the waiter offered us from time to time, and the meal was topped off by a wonderful bottle of *Chateau DesMolys* 1971 (I must admit that here I was a bit decadent, but by that time all restraint had crumbled and, well . . . Paris *is* Paris.)

After dinner we went over to *Saint Germain* and hung out *aux Deaux Megots,* a cafe made famous by Jacques Chirac (see his memoir, *Je Fus un Gros Con* Trevise 1979, p. 634.) I sipped a *cafe creme,* chain smoked *Gauloises*, and tried to read *Le Monde.* This was a mistake. To begin with, it is a misdemeanor in France to drink coffee with milk in it after ten in the morning; those convicted of the offence are sentenced to play *boules* for the rest of their lives. This severity of attitude becomes comprehensible when one at last realizes that the French are the only race who have the laws of culinary propriety coded into their genes (Corneille is said to have prepared his first *Sauce bearnaise* while the midwife who was delivering him stepped out for a smoke).

Although some critics have pointed out that the French tendency to violate good Scotch with Coca-Cola might invalidate their claim to gastronomical superiority, it has been counter argued that something—indeed anything—instantly becomes sophisticated and *chic* when a Frenchman does it. Take collaboration, for instance.

My second mistake at the *cafe* was in having purchased the morning edition of *Le Monde,* rather than the late or *derriere* edition. The *derriere* edition is almost a necessity for *cafe* dwelling Parisian intellectuals; it is printed on extra soft paper and the financial section in particular rivals anything in the phone book for comfort.

Le Monde, as any Parisian will tell you, is the most objective newspaper in France. This is somewhat confusing to the average American, who searches in vain for anything remotely resembling fact or unbiased analysis among its dense pages. Here, however, the difficulty arises not out of any fundamental difference in world view between the Americans and the French, but instead from a simple linguistic misunderstanding.

The French word for "objective" is *"objectif,"* which also means lens. Now, the French photographic industry has never been known for its excellence, and thus in France *"un objectif"* is something given to various forms of distortion and chromatic abberation. Clearly France is not place for entymologists. (Note: the word entymologist is a neologism coined jointly by Fabre and the Brothers Grimm and denotes someone who is "bugged" by attempts to establish word origins or relationships.)

On our second day in Paris, we were shocked and saddened to learn of the death of Roland Barthes, one of France's most respected scholars. Ironically, while Barthes suffered fatal injuries in an automobile accident, his car showed no signs of structural damage. Jean Sayrian, exiled Armenian author of *Les Effets Fiscals de la Prostitution en France* (Gallimard, 1978), and Professor of *Maquereau Economics* at the *Sorbonne,* had this to say of Barthes' life work: *"Il cause, il cause, c'est tout ce qu'il sait faire."*

Yet, at that very moment in another part of town, the Parisian punk sensation *Ne Pleonastique* was renouncing the use of the imperfect subjuntive. The "Ne" is at the forefront of a group of young French writers and musicians who claim that euphony is the key to the destruction of capitalist state oppression and the establishment of proletarian democracy. The essential precept of *Ninisme*—as the movement has come to be called—is set forth in the libretto of the "Ne's" comic opera *Maréchal, Nous Voila!* where Maurice is informed that he is being cuckolded:

Je n'aime ni Berg ni Webern
Ni Berlioz, je le regrete

J'adore par contre Aznavour
et surtout les Bals Musettes

Mais toute question sur la musique m'echappe
Quand je vois ta sale gueule barbue

Ben, tout le monde sait bien, m'sieu
Que t'es rien qu'un pauvre cocu

The *Niniste's* musical aesthetic and political orientation place them in direct opposition to the Muscovite atonal school commonly known as Russian Dissonance. Yet, as Woody and Mauvaise Haleine, the brothers who founded the "Ne," acknowledge: *"Ninisme* is based on contradiction; in the absense of Russian Dissonance ours would be a dialectic without thesis—sticky . . . like plankton . . . like sperm . . . like death itself. In short, although we detest them, it is to these Russians that we owe our creative life's blood. Before, you know, we worked *chez Felix Potin.* We became depressed. Life is better now."

Life is indeed better now in the artistic circles of Paris. After many years of sterility and emptiness, the flowers of creativity have again begun to bloom.□

—to be continued—

Cabaret at Cabrillo

by Joe Hession

THEATER REVIEW

"Life is a Cabaret, old chum." The CabrilloCollege production of *Cabaret* is as wonderfully entertaining as the title song considers life to be. The musical play, based on Christopher Isherwood's stories of Berlin prior to World War II, is artistically pleasing while managing to depict the Nazi madness that gradually engulfs Germany.

The decadence of the era is seen from the opening act, as lusty showgirls and men in drag wiggle their scantily clad bodies around the Kit Kat Klub. The club's Master of Ceremonies is a charmingly wicked little jester who embodies this decadence. Joe MacDonald is absolutely brilliant in the role as he minces around stage singing, dancing and making sport of all that goes on around him. Clad in a white satin tuxedo and a whitened face, he encourages every indulgence by the cabaret's customers. The energy he instills in the performance is difficult for the rest of the company to keep up.

The star of the Kit Kat Klub is a lovely young singer named Sally Bowles. Sally is played by Melanie Paizis and though she is no Liza Minelli (who starred in the film version of *Cabaret*) she does an admirable job of acting and dancing. Her singing lacks vitality, however, and the final "Cabaret" number, which could be a show stopper, is only mediocre at best.

Like many others in pre-war Germany, Sally is blind to the insane nationalistic fervor that is growing around her. The first hint we get of any suspicious activity comes when a genial German fellow befriends Sally's American boyfriend. Alan Bennett, who does a respectable job in the role of Sally's beau, Clifford Bradshaw, unwittingly delivers a mysterious briefcase for the German. The next time we see the Rhinelander, he is at a party for an elderly couple planning to marry. A swastika adorns his right arm. His smile quickly turns to a disgusted stare when the prospective groom breaks into a Yiddish ditty to entertain his guests.

One of the production's most powerful scenes occurs at this point when an innocuous hymn about the future turns out to be a Nazi theme song. One by one the engagement party guests rise and proudly join the chorus while Sally, Clifford and the betrothed couple look on in disbelief. The beautiful rendition of the song, "Tomorrow Belongs to Me," adds to the building tension and sent chills up this listener's spine.

The play's staging is quite good. Choreographer Wilma

continued on page 39

Unsolicited Manuscript

Jailhouse Rock

by Jeff Kahrs

James had been released. Since the bus strike he'd hardly had a chance to go off campus, and spent most of his idle time kicking around the coffee shops or meandering down the pathways of the University from one building to another.

Tonight, however, Moses and Rudy came by and picked him up for a dinner on the town; it felt good to look down the High Street hill from the moving vehicle. The houses and lights were silhouetted against the dark expanse of Monterey Bay.

The dinner was typical of the town, hot Szechuan food that made everybody's forehead bead with sweat. The tea heightened the conversation—tabletop banter about the Palestinian situation and what went wrong after World War I. As he drank the tea, gulping quicky, James thought about a still life he had seen on the wall of one of the dorms The focus of the picture was a diagonal line of cobalt blue placed where the artist bent the table to balance the composition. He wished the world would stand still for a moment so he could study its design, but Rudy's emphatic gestures brought him back to the conversation, which he re-entered with great verve.

After dinner they decided to check out a new wave group at Stevenson College. At first James was against it, but he knew dancing was a better activity than sitting in his room fiddling with the knobs of his stereo.

They got up to the college much too early. Some funk band was playing and it wasn't their cup of tea. They milled around in front of the dining hall, wondering what to do next. Moses heard a loud stereo in the distance—a sure sign of a dorm party.

As they walked up the dorm stairs in search of a drink, there was ample evidence of heavy partying. Unfamiliar faces stopped on the steps, halfway between coming and going, talking or flirting with distant familiarity. Entering the third floor hall, they reeled back at the masses inside. Rudy quickly regained his composure and asked about drinks. A couple of slightly inebriated people pointed down the hall towards open doors. Over each door was an advertisement for a specific drink, done in bright colors to attract attention, and the three of them smiled at the liquid goldmine.

Unfortunately, they were a bit too late, and everything had run out—all except Irish coffee and wine coolers, both of which they found unappetizing. As James slouched against the wall, staring at a fire extinguisher, he saw what he'd been looking for: a lonely Tequila Sunrise, sitting on top of the box, full and inviting in the flourescent light. Though the drink clashed with his rather tasteful clothing, his sympathy for orphaned alcohol was greater than his concern for fashion and he adopted the drink as if it were his own.

He was pleased to acquire the drink, but less than happy to find that he'd lost Moses and Rudy. James realized he was in a dorm where he knew few people. After taking a trot around the square hallway, he headed back down the stairway and over toward Cowell where he'd heard a party was going on.

James didn't know this dorm well either; in fact, he knew it less than the one at Stevenson, but he was beginning to feel confident at being in foreign territory. James reached the third floor and realized it held everything he wanted for the evening—drinks at one end of the hall and a dance band at the other. With a new drink in hand, he headed down to where the dance band was playing.

The usual white incandescent lightbulbs had been replaced with ones that gave off a reddish glow that matched the lights on the band's amplifiers. After his eyes became adjusted to the details of the room he began making out faces. It surprised him how many were familiar, how many he had seen walking around the campus.



"Where's the party?"

They were now bouncing up and down in pogo fashion to the hard-driving music of the band. After two songs, James felt the drinks and began bouncing around. Moses appeared at the door and pogoed into the room.

Unfortunately the band ended its set and the dancers slowly drifted off. Moses and James decided to head back over to Stevenson to see what was going on.

Moses stopped at the door to talk with friends while James headed into the half-full cafeteria. Over the loudspeaker he heard some old Motown, which he considered a good omen for any concert. He'd already warmed up at Cowell, but this was the event he had come for and he rooted around the place looking for someone to dance with.

James first asked some bored punk dame with green hair in the corner. She replied disinterestedly so James hit the floor alone. As he began doing the twist, he saw Rudy bopping informally with two women. James danced over to the group and joined in with them to make a foursome. Together with Rudy, Angelette and Barb, Jim sang happily along with the old Motown numbers. They flew back and forth across the expanse of dance floor until the lights came on and the main band hit the stage.

From then on they were dancing in pure havoc. From the first number the band gave nothing but continual dance madness. Jim tried to stop and think about the numbers the band was playing but he didn't have enough control of himself. Instead he thought about the trance dancers who walked across hot coals and wondered if there were any good trance dancers in Iran.

On the third encore James blew a fuse and went to sit down on the steps of the stage to light up a cigarette. As he inhaled he watched the shadow of the dancers and the band, moving back and forth in the deep crimson light, undulating arms and legs flung out from bodies. The hypnotic patterns almost kept him seated until a shoe flew across the front of his face. He looked up to see the woman with green hair pulling off her other spike. James was glad she'd made the dance floor safe for humanity and he dropped his half-smoked cigarette into a half-full beer bottle, jumped up and went back to the floor.

The band ran out of songs and the audience out of steam. As the house lights came up, James meandered over to where he had put his jacket and shoes, slipped them on quickly and went outside. He felt as if he'd been sleeping and had a feeling of deep relaxation.

On his way back to his college he walked casually, letting out a wild laugh when he realized the owl he just heard sounded like the buzzing in his ears.□

Son Seals Delivers

by Carter Young



When you talk the blues, you talk tradition and work and roots, the kind of roots which run from the Southside bars of Chicago to the black loam of Arkansas and Mississipi. And when you talk about whose guitar burns the bluest through the night, you have to talk about Son Seals.

Seals, who will be playing at the Catalyst this Saturday, is a 35-year old guitarist and bandleader from Chicago. Although his age would put him in the senior citizen category for other forms of popular music, the stocky Black man with his hollow-bodied Gibson is considered a young bluesman—the blues are something you live your whole life, and some blues guitarists wait 20 years before they are discovered and offered a record contract.

PREVIEW

The 13th child of an Osceola, Arkansas tavern-keeper, Seals began leading his own band when he was 18, but during his 20s Seals shelved the guitar to do roadwork drumming for Albert King and others. King was the greatest influence on Seals, but in the past five years his style has expanded to to the point where Seals can stake out his own piece of the blues turf.

Although firmly entrenched in the big city tradition of the blues, Seals also borrows from rock, jazz, and even country. He is a gritty and commanding singer—with a backing band as tight as the skin on a snare drum—but it's Seals' guitar which provides the fireworks. His years as a drummer show in the rhythmic intensity of his play, and when he cuts loose on a solo you'd better hang on to your necktie—it's like jamming down a country road at a steady 95 per.

In the summer of '78 Seals made his first West Coast tour and stopped at the now defunct Crossroads at the Sash Mill. During a night of electric smoke and fire that was all music and no theatrics, Seals more than satisfied the customers. Look forward to much of the same this Saturday at the Catalyst.□

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Cabaret Continued

Marcus has engineered some lively dances which are possibly the show's strongest point. Included is one Busby Berkeley type number that features the chorus girls lying on their backs kicking their legs in unison. Unfortunately, it would have to be viewed from the ceiling to be fully appreciated.

The orchestra, directed by Lile Cruse, is crisp and clear. The cabaret music is a finely integrated blend of the cheap and stimulating.

Director James Brewer has put together a first-rate junior college production. Although there is a slow spot here and there, the gaudy cabaret atmosphere and forced gaiety of pre-Hitler Berlin night life is truly felt by the audience. The dances, the music and the cabaret scenes are all well constructed and I think you'll find they make up for what is missing.□

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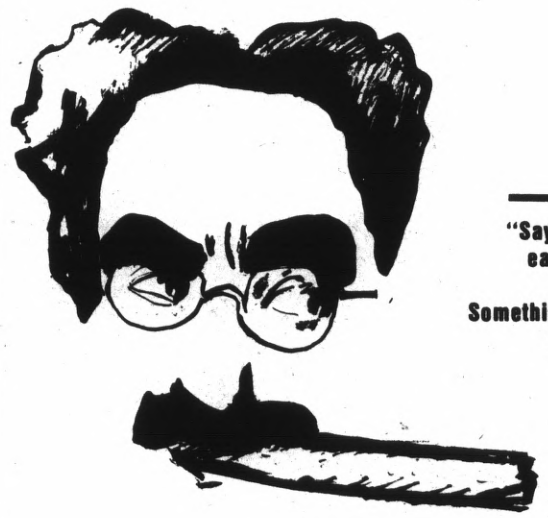
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